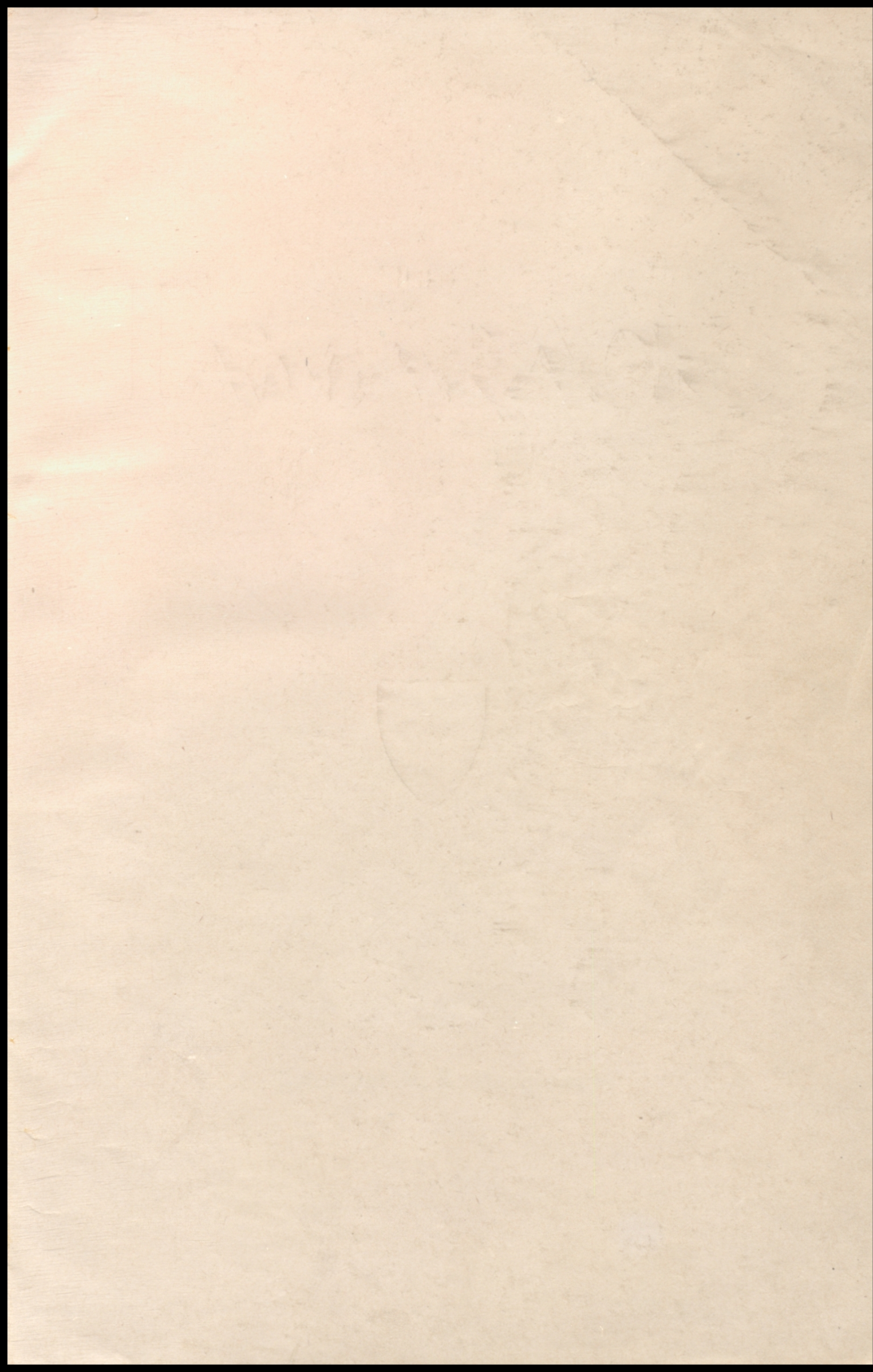


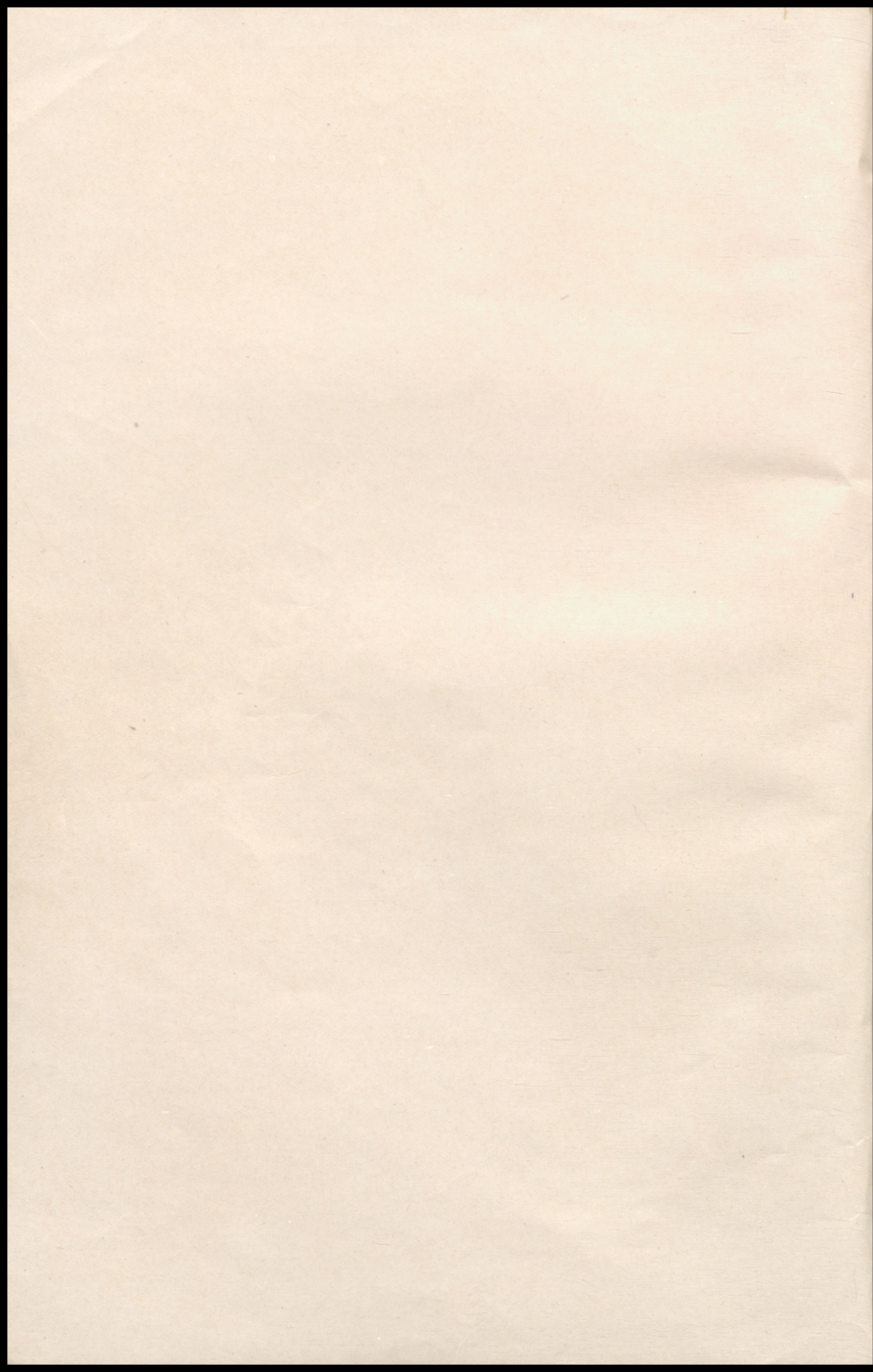
THE TAMARACK



THE
TAMARACK



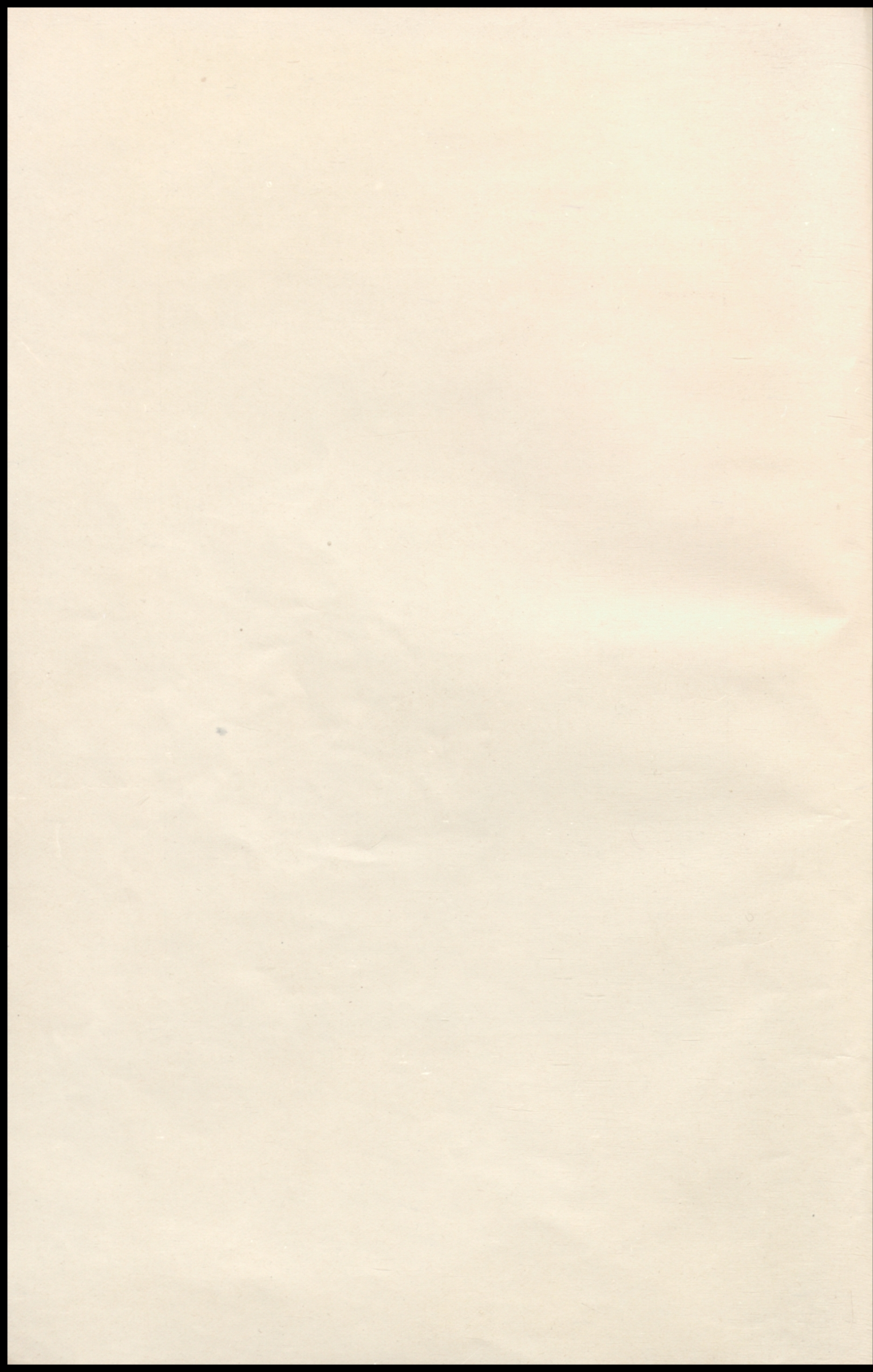




Principal R. T. Hargreaves

Principal R. C. Hargreaves





The Tamarack

Old Buzzard
Defeat

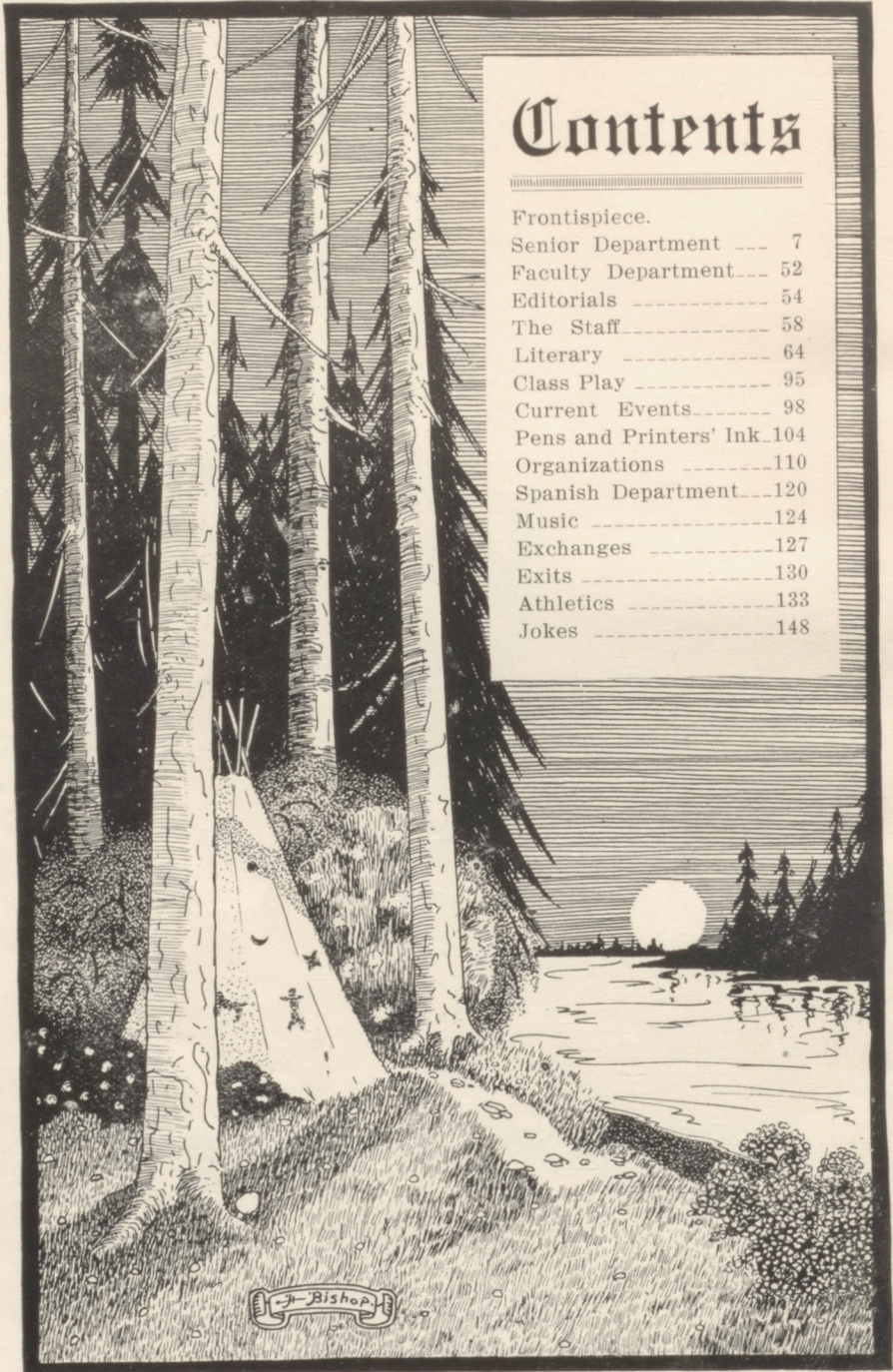
Here, I have
hung around
here for 7.
long, long
years and
I havent
found a
single dead
one yet!



SENIOR NUMBER
June, 1916

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H. Bishop



To the Class of June '16
We dedicate this issue.







T. O. RAMSEY
Class Director

Ruth W. Mast
General Course
Sans Souci

"Quiet so long as she is happy"

Valleria Eva Robison
Household Arts Course
Kodak Club
Class Orator
Honor Roll

"Made up of wisdom and of fun"

Tillie North
Household Arts Course
Tennis Tournament
Monitor of Library

"A magnificent spectacle of human happiness"

Eleanor Louise Peyton
Classical Course
Vox Puellarum
Kodak Club

"I have had my labour for my enjoyment"





Lillian Ruby Thuness
General Course

Senior A Prophecy Committee
Society Editor Tamarack 1915
Junior A Entertainment Committee
Wendell Phillips Club
Kodak Club Committee

*"Thou art as fair in knowledge
as in hue"*

Gerald Harvey Sampson
Manual Arts Course

Orchestra 1912-'13-'14-'15-'16
Engineering Society 1914-'15-'16
Deltas
Agendas
Sylvia 1912
"Bul Bul" 1913
"King Hal" 1914
Stage Manager Senior Play
"Gaucho Land" 1915
Glee Club 1915-'16

*"A lion among ladies is a most
dreadful thing"*

Marguerite V. Klein
General Course

Vice-President Junior A
Walla Walla Declamation Contest
Sans Souci
S. A. R. Oratorical Contest
Class Play
First in Jeffersonian Oratorical Contest

*"She moves a goddess and she
looks a queen"*

Albert T. Fleming
General Course

Deltas
Engineering Society 1915-'16
Chairman of Committee for Senior Banquet 1916
Class Treasurer 1914
Class Football 1915
Tamarack Reporter 1916
Baseball Manager 1916
Agendas 1914
Cards and Announcements Committee 1916
Treasurer of Deltas 1916

*"This man will ever have his
way"*

Charles Chandler
Scientific Course

Charter member Agendas
Secretary Agendas 1915-'16
Engineering Society
Sphinx, Corresponding Secretary
1916
Gym Team 1912-'13-'14
Class Football 1915
Monitor
Wranglers Contest

*"I am not bound to please them
with my answer"*

Ethel Noerenberg
Household Arts Course

Glee Club
"Bul Bul"
"King Hal"
"Gaucho Land"

*"Who battled for the true, the
just"*

Katherine Louise Johnson
Classical Course

May Day Pageant
Class Play
Cards and Announcements Committee
"Consistency is a jewel"

H. Hayden Bridwell
General Course

Delta
Agenda
Engineering Society
Tennis Club
Kodak Club

*"A moral, sensible, and well
bred man"*





Claude N. Prather
Commercial Course

Track 1914
Baseball 1915-'16
Football 1915
Class Basketball 1914-'15

*"His name is great in mouths
of wisest censure"*

Margaret A. Doyle
Household Arts Course

"Why not even critics criticise"

Myrtle Irene Anderson
Commercial Course

Mathematics Club
Germanistische Gesellschaft
Commercial Club
"Dance of the Months"
Orchestra
Eigensinn *
Vice-President Senior B Class
Kodak Club
Chairman Memorial Committee
Treasurer of Germanistische Gesellschaft 1915
Tamarack Committee
Reporter to the Tamarack—Commercial Club
Staff Stenographer 1916
Honor Roll

*"Liked for herself, adored for
her intellect"*

Lela Josephine Olson
Commercial Course
Commercial Club

*"And grace that won who saw
to wish her stay"*

Howard E. Shiel
Scientific Course

Class Football 1914-'15
Scrubs
Wendell Phillips Club
Engineering Society
Class Basketball
Indoor Baseball 1914-'15

*"You hear that boy laughing?—
You think he is all fun"*

J. Estelle Culliton
Household Arts Course

Class Day Committee
Kodak Club
Class Play

*"Those about her shall from her
read the perfect ways of
honor"*

Beatrice Helen Yorke
Household Arts Course

President Library Board 1916
Leading Lady "You Never Can Tell"
Chairman Class Play Committee
Tamarack Committee
Session Room Board
Vice-President Masque 1915
Corresponding Secretary Masque
1914
Class Vice-President 1914
Class Secretary 1914

*"The assembled souls of all that
man held wise"*

Laurence H. Lentz
Classical Course

Basketball 1914-'15-'16
Track 1915
Track 1916
Class Play
Yell Leader School 1915-'16
Yell Leader Senior A

*"This is that haughty, gallant,
gay Lothario"*





Carl H. Sampson
Commercial Course

*"As stout and proud as he were
lord of all"*

Ruby Miller
Household Arts Course

Basketball 1912
Country Fair 1914
Dance of the Months
May Day Pageant
Tennis Tournament 1916

*"A beautiful behavior is very
essential"*

Roberta Claire Fisher
Classical Course

Class Orator
Dance of the Nations
May Queen 1914
Georgiana 1914
German Play
First on Honor Roll
Class Play
Current Events Editor 1916
Secretary of German Society 1915-'16
Third place in Jeffersonian Contest
Chairman Class History Committee
Tamarack Committee
Kodak Club

"Wise? Ye Godst she is wise!"

Wilfred Ewart Newman
General Course

Deltas
President Germanistische Gesell-
schaft 1915
Treasurer Germanistische Gesell-
schaft 1915
Eigensinn 1916
Der Neffe Als Onkel 1914
Advertising Manager German Play
1916
Vice-President Mathematics Club
1916
Vice-President Kodak Club
Chairman Cards and Announcements
Committee
Tamarack Committee
Class Play

"I am monarch of all I survey"

Philip W. McEntee
Scientific Course

Deltas
Masque 1915-'16
Treasurer Masque 1916
Glee Club 1915-'16
President Glee Club 1916
Tennis Club 1913-'14-'15-'16
Secretary Tennis Club 1914
Advertising Manager Tamarack 1916
Advertising Manager "You Never
Can Tell"
"The Man on the Box"
"Gacho Land"
"You Never Can Tell"
"Delta High Jinks"
Class Basketball 1914-'15
Class Track 1914-'15
"Rest for the weary"

Mary Kelly
General Course

Northwestern Debates
State Debate
Vice-President Senior A
"A light heart lives long"

Guy O. Beyersdorf
General Course

Football 1914, Moscow
Baseball 1914, Moscow
Baseball 1915, North Central High
School
Baseball 1916, North Central High
School
Delta
*"To beguile one, to be beguiled
by many"*

Mary Cathern Taylor
Household Arts Course

Masque
Vox Puellarum
*"She hath the power that comes
from daily work well done"*





Edward B. Quigley
General Course

Deltas
Engineering Society
Delta High Jinks 1916
Class Football 1915
Athletic Board 1914-'15-'16
Scrubs 1912-'13
Football 1914-'15
Sergeant-at-Arms Senior B Class
Chief Artist 1913-'14-'15-'16
Class Day
Almo Film Club

*"Every man is the architect of
his own fortune"*

Helen Ruth Mitchell
Household Arts Course

Session Room Board
Class Will Committee
Class Play

"I saw sweet beauty in her face"

Kenneth C. Mower
Scientific Course

Deltas
Masque
Vice-President Sophomore A
Tamarack Reporter Junior B
Yell Leader Junior A
"The Man on the Box"
Business Manager "The Man on the
Box"
Business Manager "You Never Can
Tell"
President Masque 1915
Exchequer Deltas 1915
Reporter Deltas 1916
Assistant Advertising Manager Tam-
arack Spring 1915
Business Manager Tamarack, 1915-'16
Commencement Orator

*"He that the rod of an empire
could sway"*

Dollie B. Hemenway
Classical Course

"County Fair"
Kodak Club
Senior A Class Day Committee

*"Truth from her lips prevailed
with double sway"*

Beth McCausland
General Course

Vox Puellarum
Tamarack Reporter 1915
Literary Editor 1915
Northwestern Debate 1916
Reardan Debate 1916
Class Prophecy Committee
Class Flower Committee
Tamarack Committee

"She speaks, how she speaks"

Sidney Rogell
Commercial Course

"Gaucho Land"
Deltas
Class Will

*"The fashion wears out more
apparel than the man"*

Lila Beatrice Chingren
Household Arts Course

Tennis 1915-'16
Germanistische Gesellschaft
The Kodak Club
The Dance of the Months
Secretary of German Club 1916
The Poetry Club
Eigensinn Program
The May Pageant

*"Implores the passing tribute of
a sigh"*

Fred Laurence Prescott
Manual Arts Course

Vice-President Engineering Society
1916
Deltas
Tennis

*"We know what he is, but know
not what he may be"*





Claudius C. Murray

General Course

Athletic Board 1915-'16
 Class Track 1914-'15-'16
 Class Football 1914-'15
 Scrubs 1912-'13-'14
 Football 1915
 Stage Manager "Der Neffe Als Onkel"
 Stage Manager "Delta High Jinks"
 Stage Manager "Touchdown"
 Stage Manager "Dictator"
 Junior B Sergeant-at-Arms
 Senior B Class Treasurer
 Class Day Committee
 Wendell Phillips Club Treasurer
 Engineering Society
 Deltas
 Grand Master of Deltas 1916
 Business Manager Senior Class Play
"I do profess to be no more than I seem"

Ruth Putnam

Classical Course

Secretary Mathematics Club 1916
 Chairman Flower Committee
 Class Prophecy Committee
 Dance of Nations
 Dance of the Months
 Tennis Club
 Kodak Club
 Wendell Phillips Club
"How pretty her blushing was"

Howard Ray Prescott

General Course

Deltas
 Business Manager Delta High Jinks 1916
 Secretary and Treasurer Engineering Society 1915
 Wendell Phillips Club
 Secretary Senior B Class
 President Sophomore A
 Yell Leader Junior B
 Indoor Baseball
 Senior Class Play
 Tennis 1916
"I dare do all that will become a man"

Frances Ruth Corwin

General Course

Honor Roll
 Bul Bul
 King Hal
 "Gaucho Land"
 Exchange Editor of Tamarack 1914
 Alumni Editor 1914-'15
 Current Events Editor 1915
 Glee Club
 Kodak Club
 San Souci
 Calendar of Dances
 Delta "High Jinks" 1916
 Leading lady in Class Play
"She has always been addicted to hard study"

Theodore H. Hibbit
Commercial Course

Track 1915-'16
Cross-Country Run 1916

"I am a part of all that I have met"

Alice Cecelia Murphy
Commercial Course

Commercial Club

"The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid"

Wendell W. Wyatt
General Course

Engineering Society
Deltas
Class Play

"As proper a man as ever trod upon neat's leather"

Pearl Nora Cowles
General Course

Kodak Club

"I am not merry; but I do beguile"





Clifton Lewis Abrams General Course

Deltas
Delta "High Jinks" 1916
Delta Exchequer 1914
Delta Junior Grand Master 1916
Sergeant-at-Arms Sophomore B
Treasurer Sophomore A
President Junior B
Treasurer Junior A
President Senior B
Treasurer Senior A
Chairman Tamarack Committee
Class Play
Advertising Manager "Trelawney
of the 'Wells'"
Class Basketball 1912-13-14
Class Captain Basketball 1913
Member Scholastic Board 1913
Chairman "Agenda" Organization
Committee
Toastmaster Senior Banquet
Athletic Editor of Tamarack 1914-15
Editor-in-Chief of Tamarack 1916

"A man's a man for a' that"

Evelyn Ann Pickrell Classical Course

Secretary Junior B Class
Exchanges
Dance of Nations
Dance of the Months
May Day Pageant
Secretary Wendell Phillips Club
Delta High Jinks 1916
Class Play
Class Will Committee

*"She is as good as she is fair,
and she is very fair"*

Gladys Viola Hagan Household Arts Course

Cards and Announcements Committee

*"Knowledge is proud that she
has learned so much"*

Kenneth F. Cable Scientific Course

Deltas
Engineering Society
Agendas
Cards and Announcements
Class Football 1914

*"This was the noblest scholar of
them all"*

Grace Ethelwyne Train
General Course

*"Charms strike the sight but
merit wins the soul"*

Horace L. Masterson
Commercial Course

Glee Club
Band 1915-'16
Senior B Secretary, Class of Jan.,
1917.

"A goodly man, and wise"

Louise A. McPherson
Household Arts Course

Sans Souci
Vice-President Sans Souci 1916
Prophecy Committee

"One who is loved by all"

Helen Andrine Onserud
Classical Course

Tamarack Reporter 1913
Honor Roll
Sans Souci
Tamarack Staff 1916

*"I am the very perfection of
courtesy"*



**Bert L. Stone****Manual Arts Course**

Deltas
 Engineering Society
 President Engineering Society 1915
 President Junior B Class January, 1917
 Vice-President Junior A Class January, 1917
 Secretary Deltas 1915
 Class Track 1913-'14-'15-'16
 Track 1914-'15-'16
 Class Track Captain 1916
 Wendell Phillips Club

"I was not always a man of woe"

Bertha V. Ramsen**Scientific Course**

German Tutor 1916
 Senior B Candy Committee

"To talk, to, talk, my kingdom for a chance to talk"

Archie L. DeVore**Manual Arts Course**

Deltas
 Engineering Society 1914-'15-'16
 Agendas
 President Agendas 1915
 Tennis Club

"Not pretty, but massive"

Esther Louise Thunborg**Commercial Course**

Treasurer Commercial Club
 Reporter Commercial Club
 President Commercial Club
 Honor Roll
 Memorial Committee

"She moves among tho not of them"

Estelle Mae Downer

Household Arts Course

Chairman of Junior A Social Committee
 Junior A Entertainment Committee
 Senior B Social Committee
 Class Day Exercises
 Kodak Club

*"For her own virtues begged
 all description"*

Walter A. Russell
Scientific Course

Deltas
 Masque Treasurer 1915
 Class Vice-President 1913
 Class President Junior A
 Library Board 1914-'15
 President Library Board 1915
 Class Football 1914-'15
 Football 1913-'14-'15
 Class Basketball 1913
 "The Man on the Box"
 Property Man "You Never Can Tell"
 Memorial Committee
 Property Man "Trelawney of the Wells"
 Scenery Constructor "Bul Bul"
 Class Play
 Wendell Phillips Club
 Agendas Organization Committee
 Class Track 1913

*"With just enough of learning
 to misquote"*

Genelle Wallace

Household Arts Course

Class Prophecy Committee
 Poetry Club
 Kodak Club
 Vice-President Tennis Club 1914-'15
 Winner in Tennis Doubles 1913

*"Too fair to worship, too divine
 to love"*

Edwin D. Partridge
Scientific Course

Deltas
 Engineering Society
 Germanistische Gesellschaft
 Class Baseball 1914
 Baseball 1915-'16
 President Germanistische Gesellschaft 1915
 Treasurer Germanistische Gesellschaft 1915
 "Eigensinn"

*"A stoic of the woods—a man
 without a tear"*





Bolivar P. Scofield
Commercial Course

Interclass Track 1915-'16
Interclass Basketball 1915
Track 1915-'16

*"Silence is the perfectest herald
of joy"*

Bernice King
Classical Course

*"A youth of labor with an age
of ease"*

Victor M. Johnson
Scientific Course

"King Hal"
"Gaucha Land"
Kodak Club

*"Honest labor fears a lovely
face"*

Edith V. Lenander
Classical Course

*"Sweet as promrose peeps be-
neath the thorn"*

Gerald Hover

General Course

Deltas
President Senior A
Commencement Orator
Masque President 1916
"You Never Can Tell," lead 1916
Tennis Club President 1915
Tennis Team Captain 1916
Lewis and Clark Tournament 1915
Agendas Vice-President 1916
Delta "High Jinks" 1916
Glee Club
Library Board Secretary 1916
Kodak Club
Associate Editor Tamarack 1915
Circulation Manager Tamarack 1916
Class Basketball 1915

"An undevout astronomer is mad"

Judith Anderson

Household Arts Course

French Club
Accompanist French Club 1915

"She wears the rose of youth upon her"

Erma Lois Bean

Household Arts Course

Class Reporter 1914
Class Secretary 1914
Vox Puellarum Reporter 1915
"The Dance of the Nations" 1914
"The Calendar of Dances" 1915
Spanish Dance in "Gaucho Land" 1915
Class Secretary 1916
President of Vox Puellarum 1916
Vice-President of German Club 1916
Literary Editor of Tamarack 1916
Will Committee
Tamarack Committee
Flower Committee
Chairman of May Day Committee 1916
Class Play

"Classical quotation is the parole of literary women all over the world"

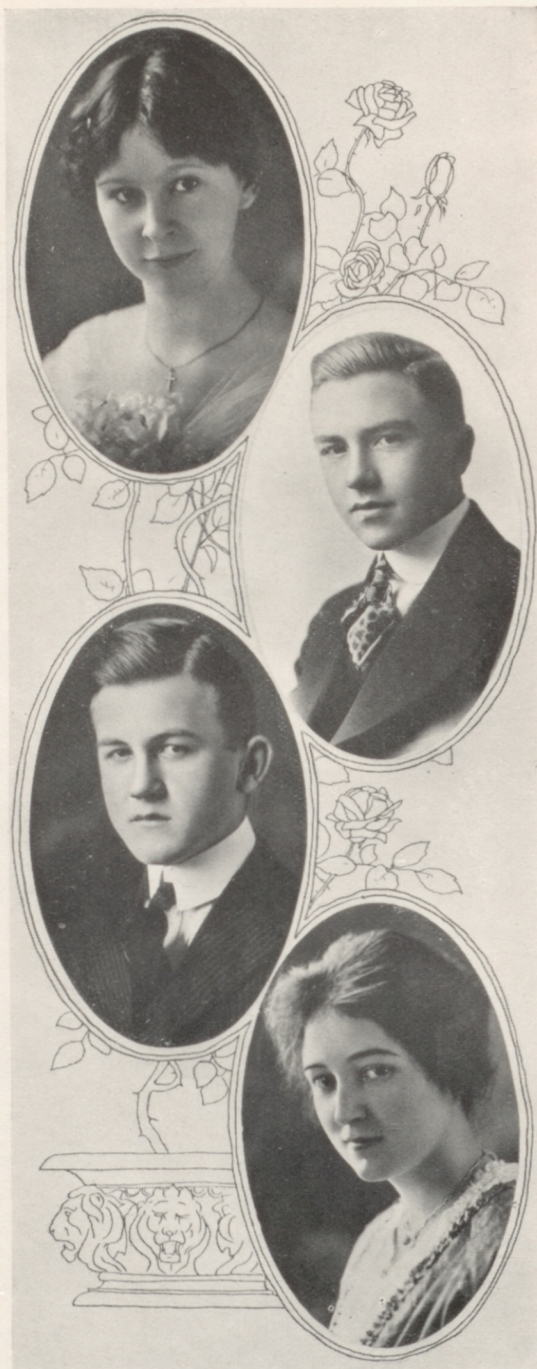
Willis L. Campbell

Scientific Course

Class Basketball 1915
Glee Club
Track Manager 1916
Class Play
Class Will Committee

"As a wit, if not first, in the very first line"





Emma Florence
Herkelrath
General Course

"God helps them who help themselves"

Harold F. Jones
General Course

"None but himself can be his parallel"

Maynard P. Stedman
General Course

"Dictator" 1916

"A man's character is not read by his face"

Genevieve Marie Ellis
Household Arts Course
Treasurer of Sophomore B Class

"A brilliant mind is a constant source of pleasure"

Ralph Hall Burnett
Classical Course

*"The world knows nothing of
its greatest man"*

Gladys Burchett
General Course

Kodak Club
Class Play

*"She hath a daily beauty in her
life"*

Leo A. Mahoney
General Course

Engineering Society

*"Home keeping youths have
ever homely wits"*

Irlene W. Pence
Commercial Course

Commercial Club Secretary
Staff Stenographer 1916
Tamarack Committee
Honor Roll

*"Magnificent spectacle of human
happiness"*





Zita Isabelle Totten
Commercial Course

Calendar of Dances
Kodak Club

*"Not forward, but modest and
patient in disposition"*

Chester V. Adams
Classical Course

Deltas
History Committee
Session Room Board

*"Studious of ease and fond of
humble things"*

Vera Adalina Totten
Household Arts Course

Kodak Club
Gymnasium Exhibition

"Silence is a golden thing"

Joe M. McCormick
Commercial Course

Commercial Club Treasurer 1915-'16

*"The wisest men oft have no
history"*

Beth Stuart
Household Arts Course

*"She has a smile that reaches
all hearts"*

Eloise Weiscope
Household Arts Course

*"Her modest looks the cottage
might adorn"*

May M. Siemens
General Course

Kodak Club

*"So quite in measureless con-
tent"*

Lydia Jane Siemens
General Course

*"A beautiful behavior is very
essential"*





Lewis Edward Jeklin
Scientific Course

Deltas
Engineering Society
Memorial Committee
Class Play
Assistant Advertising Manager Class Play

"Measures, not men, have always been my mark"

Pearl C. Palmer
Household Arts Course

Dance of the Months 1915
Sans Souci
Class Play

"Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge"

Lela Mae Palmer
General Course

Tennis

"Though last, not least, in love"

Joe A. Schneider
Commercial Club

Commercial Club
German Club

"On their own merits modest men are dumb"

Faye A. Bower

Household Arts Course

"Calendar of Dances"

Secretary of French Club 1915

"Modesty becomes a young lady"

J. Parker Sims

Commercial Course

Germansitische Gesellschaft

Commercial Club

Agendas

Kodak Club

Athletic Editor Tamarack 1916

"Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well"

Clarence M. Schon

Manual Arts Course

Secretary and Treasurer Engineer-

ing Society

Class Football 1915

"Figure, but no shape"

Emma Catherine

Horstman

General Course

German Club

President of German Club

Society Editor of Tamarack

Kodak Club

Class History Committee

"For we that live to please must please to live"





Eleanor M. Buchanan
General Course

Honor Roll
Senior B Entertainment Committee
Prophecy Committee
Vox Puellarum

*"I was never less alone than
when by myself"*

Calixte C. Cook
Classical Course

Agendas
Secretary Sans Souci 1915
Treasurer Sphinx 1916
Wranglers
Class Track 1915-'16
Class Football 1915
Class Debate 1915-'16
Track 1916
Class Play
Class Day Committee

*"He thought as a sage, tho he
felt as a man"*

Anna Cathern Taylor
Household Arts Course

*"Her voice was ever soft—an
excellent thing in a woman"*

Esther Carpentier
General Course

*"Ever gracious and so gentle,
with all her learning"*

Jennie M. Jensen
Scientific Course

Sans Souci
Corresponding Secretary of the Sans
Souci

*"Come then, expressive silence,
muse her praise"*

Arlene Z. Hand
Classical Course

Class History Committee
Kodak Club

"A progeny of learning"

Mildred Letitia McHenry
Scientific Course

Masque

"Friend of many, foe of none"

**Stella Elizabeth
Shonkwiler**
General Course

Kodak Club

"Silent as a dream"





Robert Clark
General Course

Deltas

"Knowledge is power"

Hilda Stecker
General Course

"They saw sweet manners in her face"

Vernon L. Nunn
Commercial Course

"He nothing common did, or mean"

Lila Leone Sanford
Household Arts Course

"There was speech in her silence"

Frances R. Comer
General Course

Dance of "Gossips" 1916

"Let nothing disturb thee"

Pauline Lorie Packard
Classical Course

*"Were silence golden, I'd be a
millionaire"*

Lillian M. Russell
Scientific Course

Honor Roll

*"Thy modesty is a candle to thy
merit"*

Helen Quinlivan
General Course

Junior A Class Debating Team
Sans Souci
Vox Puellarum

*"Wisdom flows from her lips,
as water from a duck's back"*





Frank R. Skadan
Scientific Course

Football 1912-'13-'14
Captain Football 1915
Baseball 1913-'14-'15-'16
Basketball 1914-'15-'16
Track 1915
Library Board 1913-'14
Athletic Board 1915
Highest Point Winner Strength Con-
test 1913-'14-'15

Charles B. Brickell
General Course

Masque
"You Never Can Tell"
*"'Tis well men are not meas-
ured by their stature"*

Florence Isobel Wing
Classical Course

"King Hal"
"Gaucho Land"
Glee Club
"Man delights me not"

Sam A. Markowitz
General Course

Mathematics Society
*"Something between a hindrance
and a help"*

Amy Laura Thomson
Scientific Course

Vox Puellarum
Wendell Phillips Club

"Golden words fall from wisdom's lips"

Georgia A. LaFollette
General Course

"What she undertook to do she did"

Kathryn Gladys Macrae
General Course

Sans Souci
Session Room Monitor

"Would that I were famous"

Madeline N. C. Gilchrist
Classical Course

Honor Roll
Vox Puellarum
Senior B Candy Sale Committee

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep"





Myrtle Bernice Stiles
General Course

*"Who touched nothing that she
did not adorn"*

Joe Coughlin
General Course

"As silent as an Egyptian Tomb"

Mildred Baker
Household Arts Course

Operetta "Sylvia"
Calendar of Dances
Vox Puellarum

*"And those that paint her truest
praise her most"*

Demetrius D. Sturges
Scientific Course

Class Debates 1916
Sphinx Club

*"He is the freeman whom the
truth makes free"*

Class History

On the map of Washington, near the eastern border, you will find in the region of Spokane, the small province of North Central—this is a very famous province, having attained its greatest renown in the autumn of 1912, for then it became the birthplace and future home of the class of June 1916. This class was celebrated in its time for its bravery, for its skill in all kinds of strategy, and for its prudence in counsel. It was also trained in all kinds of athletic exercises, as running, boxing, and ball-throwing.

During the four-year residence in North Central, this illustrious class performed many great deeds of valor, the most meritorious of which was the long and perilous quest for the priceless parchment—that was on the tree of knowledge.

On a clear, bright morning in September, this little band assembled and set about its preparations with spirit and energy. The members gathered together all the necessary equipment, including many books, charts, and guides, various ponies and other beasts of burden.

After consulting the Muses, learned Sophomores, the voyage was begun. At the very outset they were met with unfavorable winds, which could only be weathered by the staunchest of vessels. After one year of untold hardship and calamity, they received new charts from that body of learned muses, the facul-

ty, and, alas! some were tossed on the island of Despondency, while other idle ones passed on by the aid of their friends.

While they were passing this island, a terrific hurricane arose and they were forced to resort with their charts and ponies to the nearest abode of safety, the land of the Lotus Eaters. Here they forgot their sacred quest and desired no greater happiness than to remain forever with these idlers, participating in their sports and amusements.

The Pater Omnipotens, R. T. Hargreaves, perceiving this state of affairs and sorely grieved for their future welfare, sent a warning in a convocation of the sojourners, which was indeed timely, for, in the next year, many mountains and stony passes beset their pathway and, unwary of evil, they found themselves in the land of the treacherous Cyclops. Latin, Mathematics, English, and others of these monsters devoured many of the warriors, who learned that they could only conquer them with their trusty weapons of diligence, patience, hard study and successful cramming (Patent applied for, however).

When again they set out on their tedious journey, terrible storms of tests, followed by squalls, overtook them and they were driven mercilessly into a large cave. In this cave dwelt a giant of enormous size, who was called Polyphemus, or, in our language, Physics, who performs

various experiments on mortals, which very often prove fatal. The cave presented a friendly appearance to the weary travelers and they were glad to find a haven among its hospitable rocks. Looking out of its dark mouth they saw a huge being approaching with a great load of herbs, colloquially known as quizzers. When he perceived the victims huddled in a corner he became very angry and forced each one to take a portion of the bitter roots, whose injurious effects proved disastrous to the fragile constitutions of many. Those, however, who withstood the test, employed all their native sagacity and succeeded in effecting an escape. The angry giant rushed after those fleeing and hurled destructive grades upon them.

Once more safely aboard their ships, favorable zephyrs guided their course to the beautiful land, vacation, where, in the refreshing clime, they remained for three calends, this being the third visit there.

They were very joyful over their past progress and took up their labors more zealously than ever. As a result, never before was there such an outburst of enthusiasm in all lines of activity; in speaking, athletics, and art.

Already the patient travelers had for three years sought their weary way and they became more joyous and enthusiastic as they neared their goal. So earnestly did they undertake their tasks and so courageously did they meet every difficulty, that they achieved unprecedented success. They la-

bored with unceasing fervor and received many wounds in contests with Schiller and Virgil.

The gloomy days were brightened by the anticipation of the mid-winter festival, the Senior Banquet, held in the Masonic Temple. This feast of wit and song was attended by the whole class, each member arrayed in festival attire. What a brilliant assemblage was there; fair knights and noble ladies of the scholastic pen.

"They were led into the hall and
seated
On thrones and couches, where a
maiden brought
Water in a fair golden ewer, and o'er
A silver basin poured it for their
hands
And near them set a table smoothly
wrought,
The matron of the palace brought
them bread
And many a delicate dish to please
the taste
From stores within the house."

When the banquet was over the band set out with renewed vigor in order to withstand the tests of strength which were now so near at hand. The contest was lengthy and tedious but eminently successful, the gods being propitious.

Only one-half year remained in which they might complete their course, therefore with determination "to do or die" they resumed the cares and trials of the journey.

"To drive dull care away," their well-wishing friends, the Senior B's, entertained them in a picnic at the calm, cool Liberty Lake. Here a very pleasant afternoon was spent in feasting and games. Many were the feats ac-

complished and many a gallant deed was done, until, in the soft glow of twilight, joyful, but with energy subdued, they returned to their homes under the kindly watch of the learned guides.

Now, having passed the final mental tests, they saw in the distance the beautiful tree of knowledge looming above the horizon like a triumphant vision. Onward they rushed and in another mo-

ment they had the precious parchment in their grasp, to be theirs forever and aye.

And now we leave them to pursue their life's work under the tender mercies of the Fates.

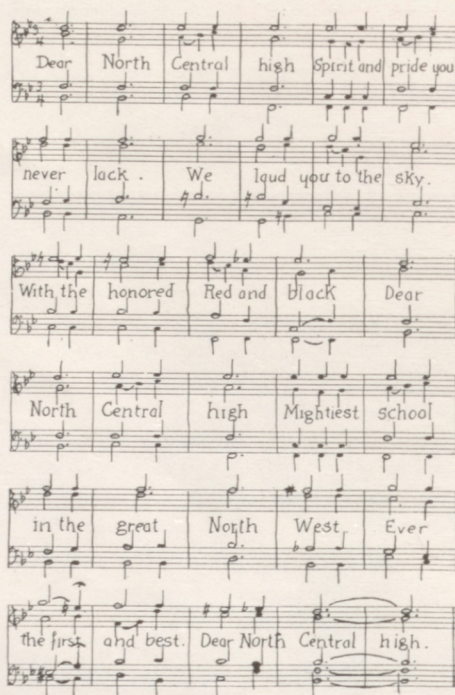
Signed, this third day of May, 1916.

Roberta Fisher
Catherine Horstman
Chester Adams
Arlene Hand



School Song

*We shall sing thy praise and glory
As no class has sung it yet!
Thou art famed in song and story,
And thy name we'll ne'er forget.
Alma Mater, we shall love thee
As we wander thru Life's maze;
Nothing e'er shall be above thee
And thy happy high-school days!*



*Thru Life's sunshine, thru its sor-
row,*

*We must wander one and all;
We must face the great To-morrow,
Till the voice of Death doth call.
Tho our paths be but deflections,
Or our nights be bright as day,
Still we'll have these recollections—
They can never pass away!*

—Ralph Burnett.

Class Will

Scene—A modern living room. An old man (representing the Class of June, 1916) is seated in a large arm chair. His wife is sitting near him holding his hand. A doctor is bending over him and a nurse is busy with some medicine at a table a few feet away.

Old Man (weakly): Yes, I have nearly finished my course in this world. A few more days and I shall pass on just as others have done before and as others shall do after me.

Wife (sobbing): No-no, dear! Don't talk that way.

Doctor (briskly): Oh! No! Cheer up. You have several happy days left.

Old Man: Yes? I hope so, for I have loved this life. I have enjoyed my short stay here more than I can tell. (Takes piece of paper from tabouret at side of his chair.) But before I go I have a little will to make. Doctor, I wish you would get a piece of paper and a pencil and take this down as I read.

(Nurse hands Doctor paper and pencil from drawer of table.)

Doctor: All right, sir.

Nurse (looking out wing): The young lady next door is out in the garden. Shall I call her?

Old Man: Yes, yes, if you please.

(Nurse steps out and returns with witness.)

Witness (gayly—to old man): Of course I'll sign your will but I hope it won't have to be read in public for a long time yet.

Old Man: Thank ye! Please sit down.

(Doctor and witness sit. Nurse is busy straightening up the table. Doctor gets ready to take dictation.)

Old Man: Are you ready?

(Doctor nods.)

Old Man: Well, first, I should like to leave Miss Fargo a new speech for the Freshmen classes who are entering upon their first library work. Perhaps Marguerite Klein could fix up a new one for her.

(All nod.)

Second, I shall leave Lillian Russell's modesty to be divided equally between Hilda Horn and Lillian Jackson.

Third, I leave Clifton Abrams' confidence in himself to any or all members of the school who are in need of it.

Fourth, To any of the boys who find it necessary in order to make appealing speeches in convocation I gladly leave all of Gerald Hover and Ed Partridge's remaining wads of gum.

Fifth, To Chester Prothero I leave Calixte Cook's six pairs of bright green socks in the hope that they may lend a bright tint to his otherwise sober make-up.

Witness (shyly): And as a sixth you might leave "Doctor's" bright ties to Mr. Sanders for the same purpose.

Old Man (nodding): Yes. And seventh, Beatrice York's gay and affectionate disposition shall be divided equally among the members of the Cupid Club. It may come in handy when there are "outsiders" present.

Eighth, Walter Russell's extra and bothersome lock of hair might be used to advantage by Mr. Lienau, so put that down, Doctor.

Wife: Listen dear, you ought to leave Charles Chandler's soulful expression to some of our would-be lovers—possibly Spencer Morse?

Nurse: Yes, indeed! That is all he needs to make him an ideal lover, so Beth McCausland told me.

Old Man: What next?

Doctor: Better leave Ed Quigley's freckles to "Hilding" Anderson. They would cover up part of his face.

Witness: O, that would be cruel!

Doctor: I think it would be merciful.

Old Man: Put those down, doctor. And let's see—Gladys Hagan's giggle—Who—?

Nurse: I know! To "Cop" Daniels—to be used in convocations. Poor fellow! He needs a good supply.

Witness: Speaking of Gladys makes me think—why not leave Kenneth Cable's devotion to one girl to some boy who—who is—

Wife (nodding): I understand, and I think Frank Higgins would be an appropriate subject.

Old Man: Yes, it would save

him or Guy Deyersdorf, either one considerable future trouble. Have you taken those down, doctor?

(Doctor nods.)

To Mr. Hargreaves I leave a heart full of devotion and to the rest of the faculty my deepest regards and appreciation for their kindness to me.

To North Central I leave eight of the best paintings I could find—to be hung in her sacred halls immediately.

(Leans back in his chair limply.)

Doctor: You are tired. We had better not do any more now. You can finish it after while.

Wife: Yes, dear, you had better go in and lie down for a while.

Old Man: I wish all of you would sign this first, I may not have a chance to add any more.

(All gather around him and sign, each pronouncing his or her name aloud.)

Witness—Erma Bean.

Nurse—Helen Mitchell.

Wife—Evelyn Pickrell.

Doctor—Willis L. Campbell.

Old Man—Sidney Rogell.

(As the curtain falls the old man rises slowly, helped by doctor and nurse.)



HOROSCOPE

Name	Nickname	Occupation	Appearance	Ambition
Irene Anderson	"Spareribs"	Typewriting	Lean	Librarian
Theodore Hibbit	"Tad."	Mile runner	Stern	To get a letter
Alice Murphy	"Murph."	Primping	Sweet	To get a credit in law
Joe McCormick	"Mac."	Veterinary doctor	Fat	To own a restaurant
Vernon Nunn	"Verne."	Studying law	Sleek	To be a lawyer
Lela Olson	"Lee"	Plugging	Long	To teach some psychology.
Irlene Pence	"Lena"	Studying	Dark	To get \$10 a week
Claude Prather	"Claud"	Pitching	Calm	To be a farmer
Sidney Rogell	"Sid."	Fussing	Mexican	None
Carl Sampson	"Sam"	None	Peaceful	To be a cut-up
Joe Schneider	"Joseph"	Selling groceries	Meek	To be an artist
Bolivar Scofield	"Scag."	Sleeping	Faded	To graduate
Parker Sims	"P. S."	Getting canned	Grouchy	Never had any
Esther Thunborg	"Thunder"	Studying history	Studious	To be a historian
Zita Totten	"Z.?"	Gazing	Scared to death	To sleep
Chester Adams	"Chet"	Growing tall	Lank	To be handsome
Ralph Burnett	"Ralph"	Writing poems	Poetic	To be a poet
Calixte Cook	"Cal"	Being quiet	Dreamy	To go with Irene A.
Joe Coughlin	"Joe"	Being foolish	Sat on	To live
Roberta Fisher	"Bobbie"	Laughing	Youthful	To grow TALL
Madeline Gilchrist	"Mad."	Being a Latin shark	Small	To be a Latin teacher
Arlene Hand	"Arlene"	Sighing	Childish	To get on good side of Mr. Lienau
Dollie Hemenway	"Dollie"	Bluffing	Tired	To be beautiful
Katherine Johnson	"Kate"	Hard to tell	Old Maidish	To be an actress
Bernice King	"Berny"	Nothing in particular	Modest	To look pretty
Edith Lenander	"Edy"	Sewing	Harmless	To teach school
Lawrence Lentz	"Lentz"	Yelling	Foggy	Undiscovered
Helen Onserud	"Helen"	Being sarcastic	Forlorn	Misplaced
Pauline Packard	"Paul"	Strolling	Easy-going	To be a prima donna
Eleanor Peyton	"Len."	Gazing	Mild	To do her best
Evelyn Pickrell	"Evelyn"	Rehearsing	Thin	Lost
Ruth Putnam	"Putty"	Studying Alg. III	Noble	To be a Paderewski
Florence Wing	"Fats"	Singing	Short	To grow thin

Horoscope—Continued

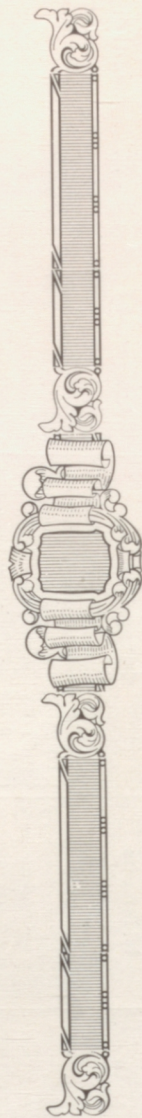
Name	Nickname	Occupation	Appearance	Ambition
Clifton Abrams	"Clif."	Writing to her.	Pathetic.	Ask her
Guy Beyersdorf	"Guy"	Throwing the Pill	Elongated	??????
Hayden Bridwell	"Hayden"	Taking her out.	Henpecked	To pass in Geom.
Eleanor Buchanan	"Eleanore"	More indefinite.	Abbreviated	She knows
Gladys Burchett	"Glad"	Looking wise	Pump	To became great
Esther Carpentier	"Ester"	Drawing	Frenchie	To grow
Robert Clark	"Bob"	Making speeches	??Lovely??	To speak fluently
Frances Comer	"Frank"	Sweeping thru the halls	Dark	To be active
Ruth Corwin	"Rufus"	Making love to Willis	??Loveable??	To get a job at the Pan.
Albert Fleming	"Al"	Going to Hamilton	Ask Mildred	To be hers??
Emma Herkelrath	"Em"	Search me	Interesting	To be a suffragette
Pearl Cowles	"Pearl"	Bothering others	Very nice	To get a diploma
Catherine Horstman	"Katrina"	Going to German meeting	Grand	To go to Germany
Judith Anderson	"Judy"	Fluffing	Tiny	To be popular
Mildred Baker	"Milly"	Cooking	Baked	To have a part in the class play
Erma Bean	"Ermy"	Managing the Vox.	Indian	To be a talker
Faye Bower	"Fay"	None	Serene	To make a stab at it
Lila Chingren	"Lila"	Seeming busy	Nobody home	To do something worth while
Estelle Culliton	"Estelle"	Running the library	Stately	To marry a single man
Estelle Downer	"Stell"	Being supernatural	Lovesick	To capture a fortune
Margaret Doyle	"Margy"	Nuff sed	Haughty	To get 4 hours sleep
Genevieve Ellis	"Gen."	Keeping busy	Happy	To be a waitress
Gladys Hagan	"Glad"	Going with Kenneth	Unnatural	To be a Cable
Louise McPherson	"Lovey"	Ask Bert	Striking	Can't tell—ask Bert
Ruby Miller	"Rube"	Smiling	Cute	To be one of the 400
Helen Mitchell	"Helen"	Making a hit	Proud	To be loved
Ethel Noerenberg	"Ethel"	Unknown	Neglected	To look sweet
Tillie North	"Tilly"	Going to Minnehaha	Hello!	To become a tennis player
Pearl Palmer	"Pearl"	Minding her own business	Tired out	To be an elocutionist
Valeria Robinson	"Val."	Doing nothing	Winsome	To take life easy
Lila Sanford	"Lye"	Catching flies	Silly	To grow up
Anna Taylor	"Annie"	Breaking hearts	Calm	To evade the cop
Cathern Taylor	"Cat"	Looking grave	Lonely	To find time to study

Horoscope—Continued

Name	Nickname	Occupation	Appearance	Ambition
Vera Totten	"Vera"	Making candy	Dimpled	To be ever pleasant
Genelle Wallace	"Gen."	Grinning	Dainty	To run a Ford
Eloise Weischof	"El"	Studying in class	Attractive	To be a movie star
Beatrice Yorke	"B"	Spurning Gerald	Arrogant	To get distinction
Archie De Vore	"Arch."	Waiting for the Owl	Small but nifty	To get home before 3 A. M.
Fred Prescott	"Fred"	Flunking in Dutch	Bricky	To be handsome
Gerald Sampson	"Gerald"	Singing	Ancient	To be a second Caruso
Gerald Hover	"Wapp"	Being wise???	Important	To manage N. C.
Harold Jones	"Babe"	Getting Dutch	Sawed-off	To be a dancer
Mary Kelly	"Kelly"	Debating	Japanese	To write stories
Marguerite Klein	"Blondy"	Oratory	Lovely	To be an orator
Georgia La Follette	"George"	Fussing	Gone	Doubtful
Gladys McCrae	"Glad"	Talking	Quaint	To be a dressmaker
Beth McCausland	"Beth"	To have her own way	Late	To get the best of Clif.
Leo Mahoney	"Macaroni"	Eating lunch	Seedy	To save a nickle
Sam Markowitz	"Samuel"	Getting canned	Nice	Can't tell
Ruth Mast	"Ruthie"	Trying to be fussed	Theda Bara	To get a whole breakfast
Claudius Murray	"Claud"	Running the Delts.	Too bad	Same as Sam
Wilfred Newman	"Bill"	Running the Dutch Club	Well-fed	To grow thin
Wendell Wyatt	"Wend"	Acting English	Gentlemanly	To be a dude
Lela Palmer	"Lela"	Acting intelligent	Short	To be on the library board
Ray Prescott	"Ray"	Acting his part	Downcast	To be a missionary
Edward Quigley	"Ed"	Drawing	Comical	To be a cartoonist
Helen Quinlivan	"Helen"	Scolding	Strict	To kick everybody out of the library
Stella Shonkwiler	"Stel"	Whispering	Satisfied	To get married
Lydia Siemans	"Jane"	Running for a car	All right	To attend the U
May Siemans	"Maypie"	Losing things	Slow	To find lost articles
Hilda Stecker	"Hilda"	Reading	Swedish	To go to Sweden
Maynard Stedman	"May"	Drawing graphs	So-so	To be an architect
Myrtle Stiles	"Myrt."	Giggling	Well-starved	To be fed
Amy Thomson	"Amy"	Hurrying	Just arrived	To be an artist
Ruby Thuness	"Rube"	Getting excited	Peroxide	To be a hairdresser
Clarence Schon	"Schoney"	Bluffing	Satisfactory	To pass in Physics

Horoscope—Continued

Name	Nickname.	Occupation	Appearance	Ambition
Bert Stone.	"Bert"	None.	Boston Bull.	To gain honor
Kenneth Cable.	"Kenny"	Ask Gladys.	Nobby.	To marry G. H.
Willis Campbell.	"Wiggs"	Running the Tamarack.	Happy-go-lucky.	To be comic editor
Charles Chandler.	"Chuck"	Running the Agendas.	Knightly.	To be a man
Lewis Jeklin.	"Lo lie"	A mystery.	Lofty.	To be a 6-footer
Jennie Jensen.	"Jen"	Won't tell.	Deep.	To be a farmer
Victor Johnson.	"Vic"	Blushing.	Scholarly.	To take Beth out
Philip McEntee.	"Phil"	Going to Upstairs store.	Lank.	To work for \$0.50 a day
Mildred McHenry.	"Milly"	Running everyone.	Stocky.	To win a declamation contest
Kenneth Mower.	"Kenney"	Eating nuts.	Stylish.	To be a lawyer
Edwin Partridge.	"Ed."	Fussing.	Coy as a fish.	Ask one of the Hers
Bertha Ramsen.	"Bert"	Working Physics.	Natural.	To pass in Physics
Lillian Russell.	"Lill."	Studying.	Plain.	To excell in studies
Walter Russell.	"Walt."	Nothing.	Shaggy.	To get in good with Miss Rogers
Howard Shiel.	"Hod"	Ask Grace T.	He's a bear.	Grace can tell
Demetrius Sturges.	"Dem."	Getting fussed.	Fussed.	Not to be fussed
Charles Brickell.	"Chas."	Looking wise.	Pretty.	To look pretty
Beth Stuart.	"Beth."	Sleeping.	Sleepy.	To sleep for years
Frank Skadan.	"Curly"	Fussing.	Curly.	To live and die happily
Horace Masterson.	"Horace"	Singing.	Nutty.	To sing on and on—



NOW THAT YOU
HAVE YOUR
WALKING PAPERS,
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?



ED QUIGLEY.

"GEE!! THIS IS A LONESOME WORLD."



R. T. HARGREAVES
Principal



A. H. BENEFIEL
Vice-Principal

Faculty

R. T. HARGREAVES.....Principal
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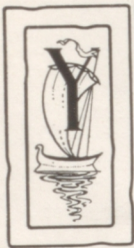
Hittle, Miss Margaret

Stowell, Miss Lillian

EDITORIALS



IT RESTS WITH YOU



YOU can succeed; or you can fail. You are the moulder of your own destiny. Your best friend can not make you a success, tho he may instill in you a desire for success. But the fact remains, you and only you can make or "break" yourself.

You can play the game and you can win. The cards may often break against you, but if you Will you can win. You have an equal opportunity with every other man of average ability and opportunity. It is up to you whether you take advantage of all these opportunities or not. If you pass them up it is only yourself that is the loser. Play the game to win, and, by employing honest, sincere and straight-forward methods you will win.

You can live up to the natural laws of man and be happy in observing them; or you can break these natural laws and suffer the consequences of such action. You are your own arbiter in these matters.

Life is only a sequence of natural laws, the basic principle of which is "Do unto others as you would be done by"; the principle that all mankind, socially as well as economically and religiously ought to observe. Success is yours if you observe that principle. Never say I can't but always, say I Will.

VACATION

You will soon be enjoying your long summer vacation. You will probably go fishing, or swimming, or into the woods, or any one of a hundred delightful things, and probably you will never wonder for a moment why it was that you were given all this liberty and leisure.

You are not let out of school because the teachers are weary; you are not let out merely to give you pleasure, for, after all, do you not have more fun during the school months than you do during vacation.

The fundamental reason for giving you a long vacation is to enable you to study all the harder and learn all the faster because of your long release from work.

It is given you so that you may be well and vigorous while preparing yourself for your work in the years to come. After all, it is health that counts.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

We hear a lot about school spirit. What does it mean? Is it really what it is supposed to be? The person who goes through school and contributes nothing toward the "school spirit" is like the anarchist who enjoys the benefits and privileges of the government which protects him, and yet never misses a chance to condemn it.

It is the school spirit that makes the school. We do not see it; we do not hear it; but we feel it. It pervades the whole student body, and exerts its influence even upon the faculty. It works quietly, yet is irresistible. But what does it do? It creates and maintains all the creditable activities of the school! And every student receives some benefit from the activities of his school, directly or indirectly; and so it is **only fair** that every student should contribute something.

If you belong to a club, work hard for the club. But do not let that interest be antagonistic to the bigger and broader interest of the school. The club is a part of the school, and is therefore secondary to it. Work for the school first, and make the club a means unto the end. After all, the club has to depend on the school for its support; it ought to support the school in return.

But do not get the wrong

kind of school spirit. Our school spirit must be constructive and not destructive; and it is up to us to help make it what it ought to be.

PROGRESS

Are we progressing, or going backward? We are doing one or the other; there is no such thing as standing still, for if we do not progress the world around us goes on past, and so we are going backwards. Which do we want to do? We certainly do not want to give to others the places we have struggled to obtain. But if we do not progress we will soon see them occupied by those who are willing to keep abreast of the times.

What is progress? It is going forward. Toward what? Toward the goal which you have set. Every step which is really a step forward brings you exactly one step nearer success in the subject to which you aspire. And the heights to which you rise are limited only by the goal that you set. You may set your goal as high as you wish, and you will soon have to set it higher if you persist in steady progress. It is consistent work that advances one faster than he realizes.

Do not stop after the first gleam of success. Do not be a "has been," for the minute you stop you are starting backward. But make each successful enterprise a round in the ladder by which you can climb to the task a little higher up.

Whether you are satisfied with your present state is not the

question, for you can not remain in your present state. The question is, whether you find the best part of your life in prospect, or in retrospect. If in the latter, you are in the position of an old man, looking sorrowfully back over the years when he was a young man. If you can look forward with hope and confidence into the future, it can be fulfilled only by progress.

In considering our progress we must also think of others. There are always those who look for us to make something of ourselves—our classmates, our teachers, our parents and friends. Are we going to disappoint them, simply because it is easier to go downward than upward and forward? It is our duty to ourselves, to our friends, to our school, and to our country, to progress.

GENIUS

Many of us look at great men—geniuses, statesmen, and men who have achieved marked success in their callings, and we wonder how they have gained their positions. We wonder what has been the great factor in their success, and if we can find it—if we can climb to the heights that they have reached. Why was it Longfellow said:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

It is because success, nay, more than success, even genius, is only the product of hard work! "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our

stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Genius is not given in large quantities to any man, but it is something to which we all have an equal right and opportunity. Take the statement of America's foremost genius in the mechanical line, Mr. Thomas A. Edison. He says that genius is ninety-nine per cent perspiration and one per cent inspiration, and certainly he is qualified to speak on this subject. You can not dream yourself into a genius.

"The heights by great men reached
and kept

Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

IS IT DEAD?

From all sides comes criticism that the old "North Central Spirit" is dying, that it is not as much in evidence as it was a few years ago.

Facts seem to support these criticisms. Baseball, tennis, track and in fact all athletics, with the exception of football, are not given the students' support as they should be.

The men on the baseball and track teams work hard. They go out every night and train hard to win victory for their school. And yet, as was shown in the baseball series, not one-fifth of the student body came out to the contests that the men worked so hard to win. Where is the school spirit? Are you, as individuals, going to let the old North Central Spirit die? Brace up; North Central Spirit—forever.

ACCURACY

Even in these days of stupendous achievements in mechanical construction, science, and finance, we are repeatedly confronted with new marvels to astonish us. The present war has demonstrated the almost unbelievable precision of modern weapons. In our own country mechanical engineers are achieving wonders. Tremendous strides are being taken in the field of science, and greater transactions than ever are occupying the attention of the financial world. Mankind is advancing rapidly since its discovery of the true value of that essential, accuracy.

The men behind the guns, the engineers who direct the work, the scientific searchers, and the financiers must, to accomplish their aims, be accurate. After all, accuracy is only a habit, and habit is the "involuntary tendency or aptitude to perform certain actions, acquired by their frequent repetition."

Therefore, we see that it is by constantly trying to be accurate in our actions that we acquire the accuracy habit. By no means does this mean to be precise in important things only. "Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

In all departments of the high school precision is demanded, and the pupil who first lays his work aside as "good enough" is the one who is least accurate. Take pains; it pays. The world's standrads are rising, and ours

must keep pace, or we cannot command a responsible position in later life.

"Heaven is not gained at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

Keep this quotation in mind and begin the climb toward the goal, Accuracy.

GREETINGS

We are all glad to welcome our new arrival in the Tamarack, the Spanish Department. We are pleased to see it because it helps out our paper, but it must be especially acceptable to those who are taking Spanish. It adds special interest to the paper for them, and calls attention to their department. May all the Spanish students lend their hearty support.

The new department had a hard struggle for entrance this time. Robert Patton is editor, and up to the last day he did not know whether we could have it or not. And so he was over here at school till late that night working on the material that had been handed in, while the rest of us were enjoying "One May Day."

Why can't we have a German Department, a French Department, and in a little while we will have to have a whole foreign language section? We might even devote a small space now and then to Latin, if we could find someone who would undertake to edit it.

The Tamarack

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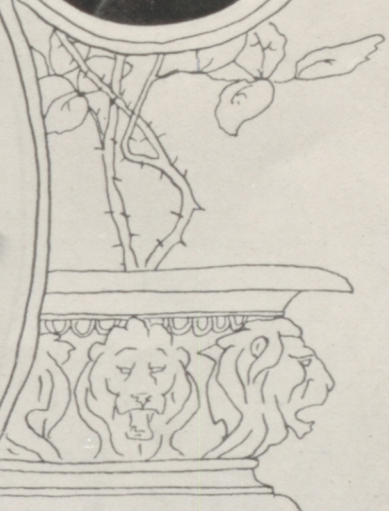
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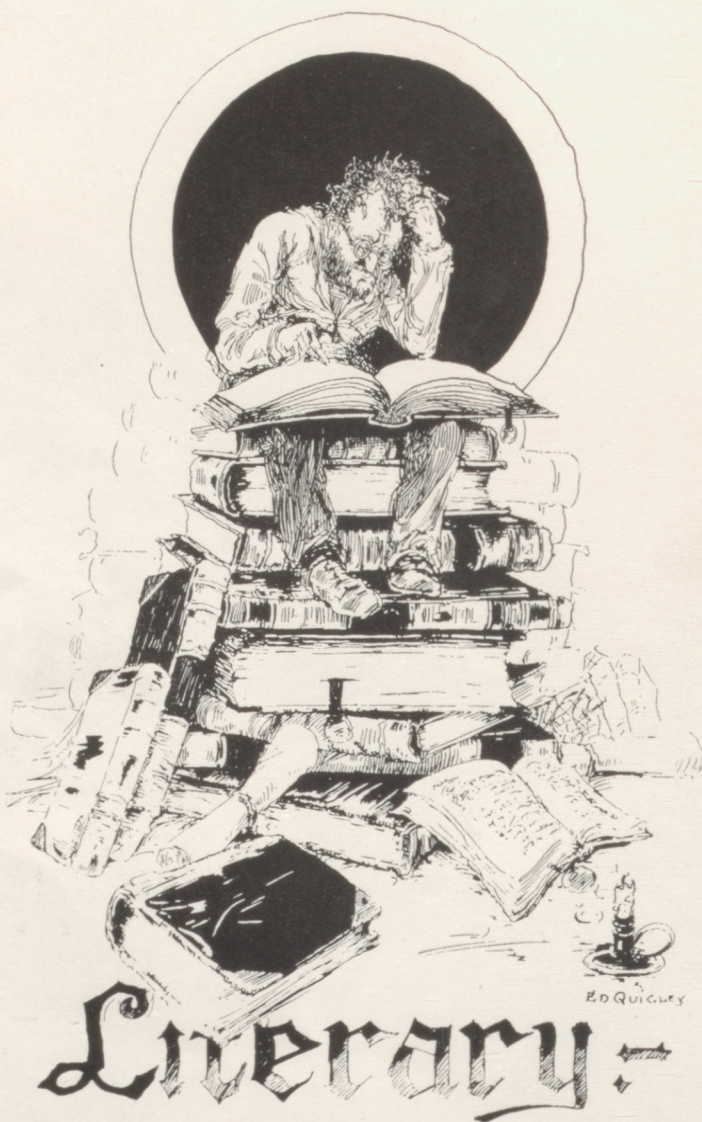












"THE SPELLIN' BEE"



OW many here be a-goin' to the spellin' bee?" asked Jed Smith as he dove his hand into a bin of dried apples.

"Spellin' bee?" came a chorus from around the stove in the country store.

"Yep, that's it. The new school marm is instigatin' it and the huldurn country side is to come. A pasle of folks be a-comin' down from the county seat to show off what they know, I reckon."

Farmer Jones tipped back on the drygoods box on which he was perched, spat on the stove and drawled.

"I reckon it's a durn good chance to make a green gourd out of yourself. The little school marm peers mighty fine to me and I don't see as how I want to make a fool of myself afore her. This new fangled spelling ain't for an old duck like me."

"How about you, Seth? Are you going to shine up to the little school marm and show her what an edecated critter ye are?"

Seth drew himself up his full length, put his thumbs under his suspender straps and strutted about the room as if meditating over the possibility of such an action. When all eyes were centered upon him and the chatter ceased, Seth said with bravado:

"Well, here's a farmer that no edecated school marm can bumfoozle. I been a-goin' aroun' to every spellin' bee in this here

country for nigh on ten years and no feller has stood to the last with me as yet."

The group around the stove nodded and smiled. They did not dispute Seth's words. He was the best speller in their community, but with an educated school teacher from the city and a number of people coming from the county seat,—well that was something different. But Seth had no such illusions as these, for his mind was filled with the happy thot of victory and its spoils.

That evening, as Seth wended his way home, everything seemed bright and beautiful. The lovely rays from the silvery moon streaming down illuminated his pathway and seemed to light the lamp of joy and happiness in his heart. Thots of a golden future filled his mind, for surely a victory would win his renown and favor in the eyes of the little school teacher. The weird howl of a coyote in the distance was sweet music to Seth and the wind rustling the leaves on the stately oaks was applause from his friends and acquaintances.

The next night and for many nights following Seth did not appear in the store, but no one questioned his absence, for everyone knew that the dim light burning in Seth's home threw its rays down upon a little worn, red speller. They knew, too, that little Betty Brown would be waiting and watching for Seth, and wondering why he was de-

tained, for he did not often remain away for so long.

The night of the spelling bee came and the little school house was packed to its utmost. Much to the disdain of the county folk, the parties from the county seat continued to arrive. The whole countryside seemed present and excitement ran high. The teacher, Miss Thomas, was lovely in a dress of soft, white muslin decked with myriads of tiny ruffles. Lingered close at her side was a dashing young man from the county seat, who assisted her in the arrangement of the program, and many a covetous eye was cast upon him by farmer's sons, while the daughters bestowed on him fond glances.

The leaders were chosen by lot and each leader selected his followers. The contest was about to begin when Seth rushed in, flushed to the roots of his hair, and breathing like a fiery dragon. At his sudden and comical interruption a tittering began among the strangers which they did not attempt to conceal. At this Seth's eyes blazed and his high white collar seemed choking his Adam's apple. His hands felt large and swollen and his feet long and clumsy. He unbuttoned his checkered coat as if to give himself more breathing space, swallowed the lump in his throat, and awkwardly fell into line. Betty glanced at him timidly and sympathetically, but Seth had become so self-conscious that he saw no one; he was looking down at his feet.

The little teacher tripped to the

front of the room and began in a clear sweet voice: "This is the first of a series of spelling contests which will be conducted this winter. The purpose of these contests is to promote not only a higher standard of intelligence in the spelling of our more common English words, but also to create a social spirit among the people of the community. The winner of this contest will be presented with this leather bound book containing Longfellow's poems. We will begin the contest at once." She took her book in hand and in a clear, distinct voice came the word "wholesome." Miss Thomas nodded at Bud Jones who headed the line at the right. Bud looked his surprise. Did the teacher think him a fool putting two words together that could not possibly mean anything? But on second thought Bud decided that each one was supposed to spell two words apiece, so he blurted out h-o-l-e — hole, s-o-m-e — some. There was suppressed laughter on all sides.

"Wholesome," repeated Miss Thomas, now turning to the leader of the left line, who spelled it correctly. Bud dropped into the nearest seat, abashed and disgusted with his dumbness.

Down the line the words came with great speed, thinning the ranks with such words as received, business, separate, scissors, etc.

Before Seth realized the contest had started he found Miss Thomas amusedly smiling at him and pronouncing the word "Dis-ease." The room seemed to swim

before Seth's eyes, his throat was parched and dry, his Adam's apple raked and sawed on his stiff linen collar, he tried to speak but the sounds stuck in his throat.

"Disease," repeated Miss Thomas, thinking she had not been heard. Seth responded by wilting into the seat beside him and covering his face with his hands. Before he could regain his composure the room was in a whirl and buzz. The contest was over and the prize had been awarded to the young man from the county seat. Seth stumbled from the room unobserved.

He slowly started on his way home, looking neither to left nor right. For a time he was so overwhelmed he could neither see nor hear the departing guests about him.

Chuck - a - chuck - chuck, buzz, burr-r, Honk! Honk! Seth found himself stranded at the side of the road in a cloud of dust, while purring down the highway went a big red motor. Could it be? Surely the moon's rays were deceiving him, but no, they might mystify but they seldom deceive. It was the beloved lady of his dreams and the victorious speller from the county seat.

The moon cast a beautiful silver light across Seth's pathway, but he thought its rays pale and cold. The wind again rustled the leaves, but Seth thought they were hissing and whispering of his defeat. Once more a coyote set up his weird, mournful cry and Seth shivered from the top of his spinal cord down to the tip of his rheumatic toe.

Suddenly he was brought from his remorseful meditation by "Hey, there, look out ahead!" Seth turned. It was Farmer Brown and his family returning home from the entertainment.

"Whoah! there, Sally!" Farmer Brown drew up the reins. "Want a lift there, Seth? We be a-goin' by your place, I reckon. Tolerable cold night? Hop right in there with Betty. There is heaps of room."

Seth looked up into the kind, smiling eyes of Betty and needed no second invitation.

"Thanks," he replied, and with a bound seated himself by the side of Betty. Thus he was suddenly brought to his senses and at once became thoroughly disgusted and ashamed to think he had preferred anyone to Betty, to think that he had only gloated over a possible victory at the spelling bee and had not tried to make Betty happy. His face flushed at the thought.

Everyone was silent as the old rig rattled down the road, each thinking of the pleasures and disappointments of the evening. Slipping her little rough hand into his, Betty murmured softly:

"I'm so sorry, Seth, about tonight, you know—we all knew that it wasn't because you could not spell it."

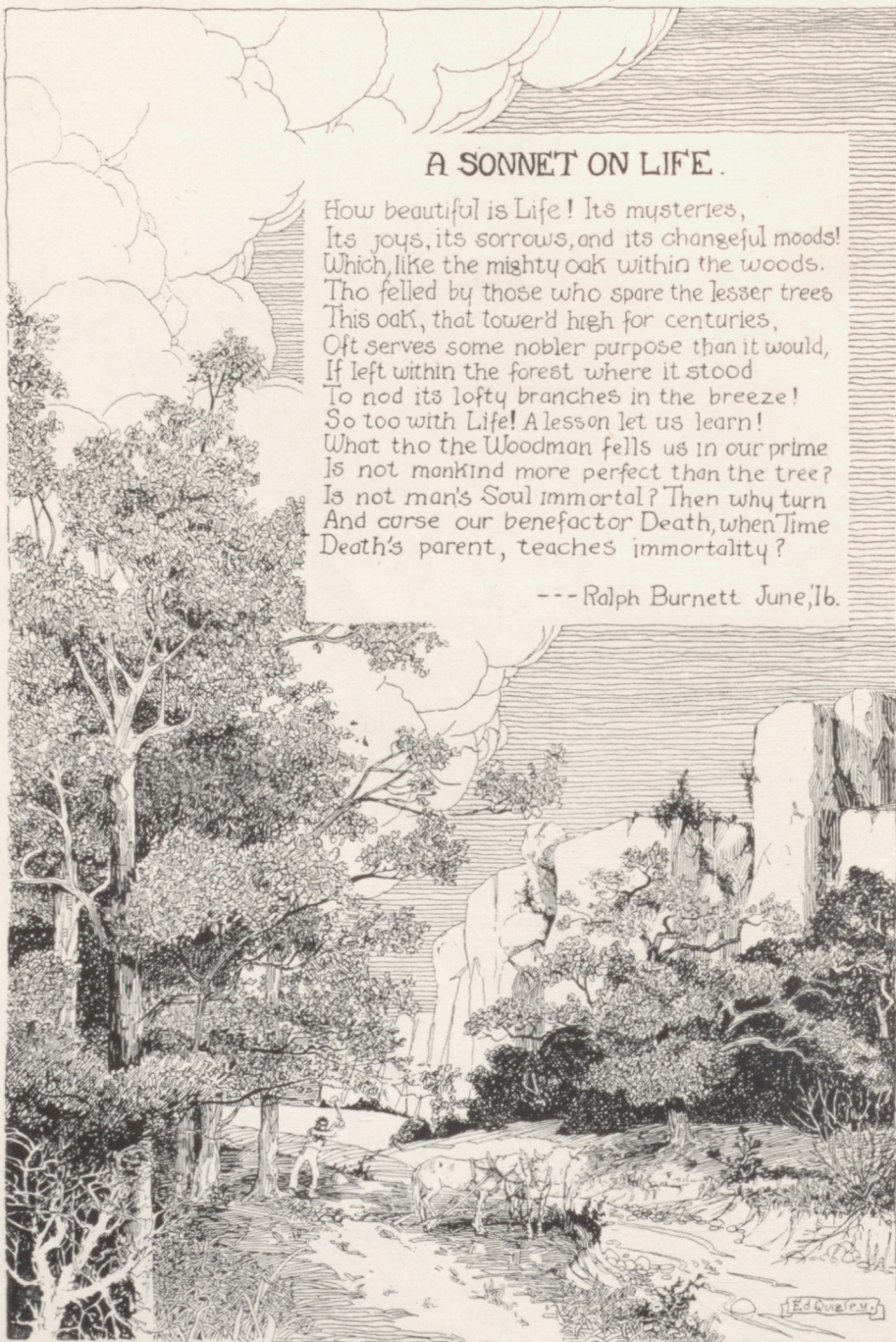
Seth pressed her warm little hand into his and as the moon hid behind a cloud, dimming its silver rays, and the shadow of a great oak crossed their path, Seth bent and kissed her gently on the forehead.

Mary Kelly, June '16.

A SONNET ON LIFE.

How beautiful is Life! Its mysteries,
Its joys, its sorrows, and its changeful moods!
Which, like the mighty oak within the woods.
Tho felled by those who spare the lesser trees
This oak, that tower'd high for centuries,
Oft serves some nobler purpose than it would,
If left within the forest where it stood
To nod its lofty branches in the breeze!
So too with Life! A lesson let us learn!
What tho the Woodman fells us in our prime
Is not mankind more perfect than the tree?
Is not man's Soul immortal? Then why turn
And curse our benefactor Death, when Time
Death's parent, teaches immortality?

---Ralph Burnett June, '16.



JANICE



OOD-BYE, dad. I'll be home in time to get supper. The man, who was hoeing corn, looked up rather startled at the unusual note of gloom in the girl's voice.

"Oh, Janice, did you see Phyllis Jackson's picture in the paper that came this morning? She leaves next week for Wellesly."

Janice's soft brown eyes suddenly turned dangerously black. "Yes, I saw it all right, father, and I'd rather not talk about it—because I might say something I shouldn't," she added under her breath.

The old man watched her as, with head held high, she rode out of sight. He took in every detail, the graceful poise of the perfect figure, the capable way she managed her horse, the tilt of her well-shaped head. "She's fit to take her place with the best of them," he muttered. "Too bad she can't go to college. She could have if—," he stopped abruptly. It was foreign to his gentle nature to lay blame upon anyone else's shoulders, so he gave a savage flourish with the hoe and set to work in dead earnest. "It's mighty hard on a girl with her fire and beauty to give up everything. I'm afraid she's feeling it pretty bad today." A troubled look settled on the man's face and remained all the afternoon.

The day was perfect. It was

the middle of June and a gentle rain the night before had settled the dust. The delicious fragrance of rose and syringa pervaded the atmosphere. Bluebirds flitted across the road every now and then, and there was always a glad chirp of welcome for the winsome brown-haired girl on horseback. Yes, the day was perfect, but Janice had not noticed one single blossom, one tiny friendly bird, one breath of the balmy air. "Jupiter," she said reprovingly, "it's a sin to feel horrid in June."

Janice had fallen into the habit of telling the horse everything. Jupiter had become the sole confidant of all her girlish whims and ambitions. On the long, lonely rides there was no one else to talk to. The spring had been unusually lonesome. Last summer automobiles came by frequently, and the motorists, attracted by the girl's refinement and culture, and the old man's kindly humor, often stopped to chat and rest in the hospitable country home. Janice had snatched many a lovely, warm friendship, and had thus kept in touch with the busy outside world. But this March a part of the road had been washed out, making travel except by horseback impossible. Since then Janice had seen no one. The newspaper and occasional letters, which were brought once a week on horseback, were all that broke the monotony of her desolate life.

"O, Jupiter, I'm so lonesome," she said, with something like a sob in her voice. After that there

was a silence broken only by the splashing of the brook in the hollow and the whisperings of the trees, whose boughs interlaced over the road. Then, with a quick impulse, Janice bent over until her lips were close to Jupiter's ears, and she whispered fiercely, "Jupiter, I hate Phyllis Jackson, and I just can't live out here another day. I'm going to do something desperate, do you hear me, Jupiter? I'm going to get hold of that pink and white baby doll and make—make her scrub the kitchen floor," she ended fiercely. Then she laughed in spite of herself. It was too funny—little Phyllis Jackson with her silk skirts and dainty kid shoes, her coquettish little face and her dimpled baby hands, down on her knees, scrubbing the rough floor of the Merrivale "mansion"! "Oh, dear, dear," Janice laughed, "Jupiter, what do you suppose Phyllis would do if she had to dig potatoes and stain her hands picking strawberries?"

Five years ago Janice Merrivale and Phyllis Jackson lived across the street from each other. The girls went to school together, their mothers moved in the same society, their fathers belonged to the same lodge. Janice remembered how she and the rest of her "bunch" always had chipped in to help Phyllis' father and mother spoil their only child. All had been pleasure in those days. Then the crash came. Mr. Merrivale, whose worst fault was his easy-going, implicit trust in everybody and everything, became involved in a lawsuit.

Everything was going smoothly until an issue came up in which it would have been decidedly disadvantageous for Jackson, who was pleading Merrivale's case, to do the square thing. So it was that the Merrivales had lost everything but their summer home and a few acres in the woods. The shock killed the pretty, frivolous, sickly, little, society mother. Mr. Merrivale and Janice were left to battle it out alone. The girl had always been brave and almost always cheerful.

They had come to the bend in the road. The slide had cut a slice out of it about fifty feet wide and thirty feet deep. "I wonder why they don't try to fix this up, it's terribly treacherous. Jupiter, if an auto should come along, no driver could stop in time, because you don't notice the hole till you get right up to it."

Janice had just turned the horse to start home when she heard the far-distant toot of an automobile horn. Jupiter pricked up his ears, while Janice's face turned white with fear. She listened and again heard the sound. "Do you suppose they don't know about the washout, Jupiter?" Then, turning swiftly about, she said, desperately, "We've got to get there before they do." With steady nerves, with set face, and a glint of steel in her eyes, she urged the horse down the slippery bank and up the other side. As she reached the top she heard the whirr of the wheels. Her breath came in gasps, and her heart beat wildly,

but she managed to warn the people in the machine.

"What's the mater?" a familiar voice asked. "There was a slide here in March, and it isn't safe for automobiles to go much farther," Janice answered and truly tried to keep the ice out of her voice. The man jumped out of the machine and walked a few feet down the road. When he came back his face was blanched, and he gripped Janice's hand. Then, going over to the car, he said, "Phyllis, this young lady has saved our lives. In a few minutes you and I would have been lying in the bottom of that gully with the car on top of us." Phyllis shuddered, a wave of fright and shame passed over her face and she breathed, "George, for goodness sake, let's get away from this horrible place."

Fifteen minutes later, as Janice led Jupiter into the stable she broke out, "Say, Jupiter, let's not make the little pink and white

baby doll scrub the kitchen floor. I'm afraid she couldn't do it right, anyway," she added mischievously. "Did you see how frightened she looked, Jupiter? It's a good thing I'm Janice Merrivale instead of Phyllis Jackson. She couldn't stand this kind of life a month."

Going past the dining room window that night on his way in to supper, Mr. Merrivale stopped short. The windows were all open. Janice was singing at the top of her voice one of the rollicking old college songs, and by the clatter of the dishes one would have thought she was keeping a Chinese restaurant. In the middle of the table was a huge bowl of wild roses. Yes, and the father was quite sure he smelled popovers. He went in, and as he closed the door he gave a long sigh of glad relief.

Eleanor Buchanan, June, 1916.

A "Voxer"



DEER MEAT



RS. GRAY stood at the sink paring potatoes when she heard a light rap on the kitchen door. She opened the door and looked down upon a bright faced little girl whose small hands were tightly gripping each end of a large, covered platter.

"My name is Belle Scott and I live over there," nodding her head backward to indicate the house across the alley. "Mama sent this over to you. It's deer meat and we've got lots of it, so we don't need this. Mama said maybe you would like it."

Mrs. Gray's face flushed, but she took the platter and thanked the child graciously. That evening when her husband came home for dinner Mrs. Gray led him into the kitchen and showed him her gift.

"Look, dear, the little girl across the alley brought this deer meat over to me a while ago. She said they have lots of it and her mother thought we might like some. I thought I'd better not cook it until you came home."

A frown rested on Mr. Gray's face for a moment, but a struggling smile finally broke thru: "Sending a game-warden a plate of deer meat before the season opens—that is the best ever!"

They both laughed and Mrs. Gray asked, "Well, what shall I do? Shall I cook it?"

"No, not yet. I'll have to investigate, I suppose. There is too

much of this before-season hunting going on now."

Mr. Gray looked out the window and saw that the little girl across the alley was playing near the back fence. He went out and as he neared the fence he spoke to the child and asked what she was doing. She informed him that she was "makin' a garden for Jimmie."

"Who is Jimmie?"

"O, he's my brother."

Mr. Gray leaned on the fence and watched her for a while and then, seeing that she was too absorbed to open a conversation he began again, "Nice deer your father killed today."

"Sh! Don't say it so loud. We'd get arrested if a policeman heard you. You know people can't kill deers yet; it's too early," she said in a loud stage-whisper.

"Why—a—how did your father happen to kill one, then?"

"O, papa didn't kill him. It was Jimmie!" She threw her head back and laughed softly. "You ought to a seen him. He was so tickled."

"How old is Jimmie?"

"He is ten now. He's lame, you know, and couldn't ever go out and play like the other boys." Her laughing eyes grew serious as she looked up at him rather wistfully. "The doctor said maybe he'd have to take Jimmie's foot clear off and put a wooden one on."

"Well, that is too bad."

"Does it hurt to have wooden feet?"

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Mr. Gray, puzzling his mind to find a suitable answer to the question.

Belle continued "spading" with her rusty old fork.

"Tell me about the deer. How did Jimmie come to shoot him?" asked Mr. Gray, leaning a little farther over the fence.

"It was when papa came out to Aunt Grace's after Jimmie and me. We've been out to Aunt Grace's a whole week," she added proudly.

"You have!" he remarked, wondering who "Aunt Grace" was and where she lived.

"Uh-huh, and papa came out after us yesterday. Uncle Tom gave Jimmie his gun when we were out there because Jimmie liked it so well. Papa let him load it so if we saw a rabbit he could shoot at it, and just when we got down in that brushy part down by the river we heard the bushes rattle and there was a great, monstrous big deer a gettin' a drink! Jimmie jist grabbed his gun and pointed it at him. Papa started to make him quit, but when he saw how glad Jimmie looked he just helped him hold it and told him when to shoot. Jimmie was so scared that he shot three times without stoppin' and then the deer fell over dead." In her excitement she had allowed her voice to rise,

and as she became aware of this she glanced quickly around. Seeing no one near, she went on, "You ought to a seen Jimmie then. He never shot anything before and he was so happy he started to run without his crutch and he hurt his foot again."

Just then the door opened and a little lame boy came thumping out on a pair of crutches.

"That's Jimmie. Jimmie come here!"

Jimmie made his way slowly along the path to where his sister stood.

"This is the man who got some of your deer."

Jimmie's eyes danced as he looked up at his neighbor, and for a minute he forgot the pain in his poor twisted foot. "It's even better'n fried chicken, ain't it?"

"I haven't tasted it yet, but it sure looks good. I am going to have it for dinner," Mr. Gray answered enthusiastically. The thin, pain-drawn little face was wreathed in smiles, and Mr. Gray thought to himself, "The law can go hang this time."

A few minutes later he entered his kitchen again, and when his wife looked up questioningly he nodded, "Yep, the warden will have deer meat out of season."

—Erma Bean, June 1916.

A "Voxer"



A BEAU, NEARLY



HE trouble with you is that you don't grasp an opportunity when you have one. If you just really wanted to have boy friends like the others girls, you could, but instead, as soon as you meet a fellow you've never heard of before, you freeze right up for fear he might think you forward. Every one of the boys in our crowd says you're lots of fun. Why? Just because you know each one of them belongs to one of the girls. Those boys don't have any trouble getting you to talk. But when there is a new one you're about as congenial as a tombstone."

This came from popular Georgia Thomas, and would have been much longer if it had not already been ten minutes after six. Georgia was Doris's best friend. The two girls lived a block apart and were the best of chums. However, they had decidedly different temperaments. Georgia was a happy, cheerful sort of girl, with a host of friends. She was always invited to all the parties and dances given by her classmates. People often wondered how it happened that the two girls were so intimate.

Doris was particularly sullen that evening, because all the girls had talked about at noon and after school was what a wonderful time they had had last Saturday night at James Wheeler's dance. Doris had been invited but had

had no escort to take her, consequently she was left out of the conversation that day. As Georgia and she were walking home that afternoon Doris had complained of never having any escorts. She had not received the kind sympathy from Georgia she had expected.

That night, before going to sleep, she made up her mind not to be a wall flower any longer. School would close the next week for the summer and she would persuade the family to allow her to go to Lake Okauchee with her brother and his family. She would stay out there about a month and have a better time than she had ever had before. When she came back she'd have a beau, too, just like the rest. She wasn't going to sit at home any more when the rest were at a party.

The remaining days flew by. On the night of her graduation she announced her plans of going to the lake the following week to visit her brother. Her father and mother were both surprised that she should want to go to Okauchee, as she had never wanted to go to any lake but Nashotah, where they had their camp. They thought it just a new notion and that she would have changed her mind by the time she was ready to go.

All the following week Georgia tried to persuade her to go to Nashotah, where the Thomases were going, but Doris was determined to carry out her own plans. She told herself that if

she didn't it would be just the same as it had always been. She was going to get a beau all by herself and that was all there was to it.

One afternoon, three weeks later, Doris was in the camp alone. Her sister-in-law and the children had gone over to call on some friends across the lake. She had pleaded a headache, so was left to herself. She lay in the hammock on the porch for a while and then decided she would read a magazine. She went into the cottage and rummaged thru all the newspapers and magazines, but she had read all the short stories in them and that was the only kind of literature that could possibly interest her that hot day. Finally she found a serial story that had escaped her notice before. The first two installments proved to be very interesting, so she rumaged thru the pile of magazines again for the next number. It was not there, so she looked in the tent and then on the porch, but it was not in either place. She knew she had seen it somewhere. Where could it be? Maybe Harry had taken it to town with him that morning. Yes, he must have, because she saw him reading it before train time. Wasn't that provoking, just that very number she wanted, too. What was more, he wouldn't be back until Saturday afternoon and this was only Monday. She supposed she could write to him to send it, but then that wouldn't do her any good this afternoon. She could go to the store and buy another, but the boat was gone. Gee, she'd walk. It was

only a mile and she could get the mail, too, if there was any.

It was very hot and dusty along the road so Doris walked slowly. About a quarter of a mile from the store, she saw a young man coming towards her, reading a letter. He was some distance away, when she noticed him, but he was so absorbed in his mail that he was not aware of her approach. When he came up to her, he started with surprise, but immediately lifted his cap and smiled and said, "How do you do?" "How do you do?" returned Doris, and walked on. "Nice looking fellow," thought she, "I wonder if he lives near our camp. He must be staying somewhere on this side of the lake or he wouldn't be walking. Funny I never saw him before if he does. Marion knows all the campers on this side. I'll ask her if she knows him. I hope she does. My, didn't he look nice when he smiled. Why didn't I smile back? Georgia was right, I never do grasp an opportunity when I have one."

By this time she had reached the store. She bought the magazine and asked if there was any mail. No, there wasn't, so she went out.

As she started down the steps she met her sister-in-law.

"Well, what are you doing here? If you had waited a little while until I came back, you could have come over in the boat instead of walking in that hot sun."

Doris said she came for the magazine and had not thought of waiting for the boat. They went into the store and bought a few supplies and then rowed back to the camp. Doris told Marion about the young man

but Marion did not know who he was.

The next Saturday night she went to the dance at the hotel with Harry and Marion. Both of them introduced her to all the people they knew and Harry saw to it that she was having a good time. Early in the evening between dances she saw the young man. He did not see her until she was dancing again. When he caught her eye he smiled, but she turned her head quickly away and danced on. She wished Harry or Marion knew him so she could meet him. But Marion didn't, so very likely Harry didn't either. After a few more dances she noticed him standing right next to her. Oh, dear, she wished she were on the other side of the hall.

"Oh, how do you do. May I have a dance with you this evening?"

"Why—I don't believe I have ever met you."

"Oh, that's all right, I'll get some one to introduce us in just a minute." He left and returned immediately with the boy whom she had just danced with. He introduced them, but the music struck up just as he said the young man's name. They danced around the hall once without saying a word. Evidently he was quiet, too. Doris tried to think of something to say, but all she thought of was the weather and the crowded floor.

"Are you camping here for the summer?" finally asked the young man.

"No, just for a few weeks."

"Do you come over to the dances every week?"

"Yes."

After another interval, "Okau-

chee is a pretty lake and lots of people camping here," tried the young man.

"Yes."

"Do you come here every summer?"

"No."

"Pretty girl and dandy little dancer, but, man, I wish she'd talk," thought the young man.

When the dance was over they sat down and Doris tried her best to keep up her end of the conversation. It was hard work, but she did it. Pretty soon Harry came up to tell her it was time to go home, so she had to say goodnight to her new acquaintance.

All the way home she thought of him and hoped that they would become better acquainted. She was only going to stay one more week, so she would have to try her hardest. She hoped he lived in the city, too, so when she went home he would take her to the dances and parties. She'd get him right into the crowd and they would have splendid times together. Wouldn't the girls sit up and take notice though! She'd have a beau; just think!

A few days later she was still thinking about him. Only two more days and she would have to go home. She hardly knew him yet. Perhaps he was going home pretty soon, too. If he went home the same evening that she did, he would surely sit with her. She wondered how well she ought to know him in order to have him for a beau. All of the girls would look at them and envy her when she got off of the train with him.

Late in the afternoon she went out

rowing alone. She had been out on the water but a short while when she saw Mister "Hope-he-will-be-my-beau." He was in a canoe, alone. "How nice," thought Doris, "here's my chance. I'll ask him what time it is, then he will talk to me and maybe come over to the camp."

So she pretended not to see him until she was very close.

"Oh! I hadn't noticed you. Are you going over to the store?" he asked.

"Yes, I thought I would see if there was a letter for me," returned Doris.

He asked if he might accompany her and she said she would be glad to have him. So they rowed to the dock. He tied her boat and then helped her out. They walked slowly to the store. Doris talked more than she ever had in her life before. She told him about herself and her family, in hopes that he would talk

of himself, but she did not get much satisfaction for her efforts. All he said of himself was that he was visiting a college friend for a few days. They went back to their boats and decided that they would row back in her boat and tow his canoe. By the time they got back to camp Doris was in extremely high spirits and very confident of her new friendship. Suddenly the young man pulled out his watch.

"Why, I hadn't realized it was so late. I'll have to hurry back. I'm leaving for Chicago tonight." He bade her "Good-bye" rather hurriedly, walked down to the shore, got in his canoe, and was out of the bay in an instant, it seemed to Doris as she stood rooted to the spot, staring after him.

"Well, of all things!" she exclaimed as she turned and walked slowly to the cottage.

Ethel Noerenburg, June '16

SO LIVE THAT—

(Written when reflecting upon the death of the Old Year and the birth of the New Year.)

With the coming of the New Year,
Let us make some resolution,
Some criterion to guide us,
Pilot us through deeps and shallows,
Bring us safely to the Harbor
When our toil on Earth is ended!
Heavenly Muse, our words inspire!
Weave in them some worthy mes-
sage!

Something understood by all men,
Something all mankind can follow!
Let our souls so shine within us
That our message may be worthy,
That our humble resolutions,
And our lowly undertakings,

Yet shall bear a noble message!
Fail us not, O Muse, we need thee!
As old Father Time glides onward,
Drives the fleeting year before him,
Drives the centuries and ages;
Ere we make our resolution,
Let us know that through these ages
Every year hath wrought some
goodness;
Centuries have made him nobler
Ages borne aloft his standards;
And the evils that beset him
Slowly yielded to that goodness,
Yielded, and left man more perfect!
Knowing this is fact, not theory,

If the Heavenly Goddess wills it,
 Let us make our resolution,
 Let us seize this inspiration,
 And endeavor in our trials
 To accomplish something worthy,
 Something humble, something
 noble!

Listen to our resolution:
 "Let us live within the Present,
 Leave the Past, nor seek the Future,
 Realize that through the ages
 Man is ever growing greater,
 Manly man is growing greater,
 Aiming toward a higher level,
 Seeking for the Truth he knows not,
 Trusting fellow-men as brothers,
 Praising this old world he lives in,
 Tho at times 'tis dark and dreary,
 And at times 'tis bright and sunny,
 Yet at all times worth the praising!
 Let us know man is advancing,
 Casting down his ancient customs,
 Shaking off his barbarous manner,
 Looking for the good in others,
 Passing up their faults and vices,
 Reaping good where bad was
 planted,

Bearing all of Life's harsh burdens,
 Never murmuring, ne'er repining,
 Dealing nought with Luck nor For-
 tune,

Tho at times he be sore tempted
 By his fellow-men, his brothers,
 Not yet reached his lofty standard,
 Only to resist more bravely;
 And at last when he has conquered,
 Has cast out all fear and doubting,
 (Tho his wily, smooth-tongued
 brothers

Wait to tempt him, ever-ready)
 Then he feels that power within
 him,

And he yields not to their baseness,
 Sees that there is yet good in them,
 Some good there yet unawakened;
 And as sleep lasts not forever,

So that unawakened goodness
 Slumbers now, but soon must
 waken,

For since goodness is eternal,
 It can never sleep forever,
 So he trusts mankind more fully!
 Let us realize these statements,
 Live our lives in reverence of them,
 Be but noble men and women,
 And convert our fellow-mortals
 To a higher plane of living,
 To a love of God and Nature!
 Let us love and trust our brothers,
 Live so Death holds no fear for us,
 Do some good each day for others,
 Use the forces that God gave us,
 Follow in His steps and fear not!"
 It is gone, that inspiration,
 Perished like a smouldering ember,
 Vanished like the golden sunset,
 Like the Autumn leaves has with-
 ered,

Like the crystal snow has melted!
 And the Muse, once so propitious,
 Like the eagle soaring upward
 To his flinty mountain aerie,
 Flutters higher still, and higher,
 'Til the azure depths of Heaven
 Swallow up her misty figure,
 Mantel her fair form foever!

Ralph Burnett, June '16.

Dash'd he within the cave,
 This glorious maid to save,
 Who bound as if a slave
 Moaned in sad tones.
 "Save me," the maiden cried—
 E'en as she spake, she sighed—
 "A giant keeps me tied
 To these huge stones!"
 Strived he her bonds to break,
 Strived for this maiden's sake,
 Strived, but he could not take
 Her from the den.
 Then spake she, "There is none,
 Dwelling beneath the sun,

Who can save me, but one—
 Noblest of men!"

"Know ye not whom I mean?—
 But then you do, I ween—
 That knight whose helmet's sheen
 Glitters most bright!
 He has the dragon slain,
 Battl'd 'mid snow and rain;
 Fights he with might and main,
 This noble knight!"

"Thence with my message speed,
 Your lord will do this deed—
 Helps he out those in need—
 Kindest of men!
 Tell him a giant large,
 Who stole me from my barge,
 Now holds me in his charge,
 Bound in his den!"

"Linger no longer here,
 This giant huge is near,
 He whom the bravest fear—
 Hunts he for food!"

Sped forth the messenger,
 This maiden's words to bear,
 Sped, 'til he came to where
 This brave knight stood!
 Quickly the tale was told.
 Then rode this warrior bold,
 Of those brave days of old,
 This maid to save!
 Rode he o'er moor and fen,
 This bravest man of men,
 Found he the giant's den,
 The monster's cave!
 Rush'd he within the lair,
 Saw he the maiden fair;
 Nor was the giant there—
 Alone was she!

Then the lord of the Danes,
 Master of many thanes,
 Easily broke her chains,
 Setting her free!
 E'en as they left the den,
 Striding across the fen,
 Carrying seven men,
 The giant ran!
 Rush'd he then at the knight;
 Followed an awful fight,
 Waged between wrong and right—
 Fought man to man!
 Lasted four days and nights,
 This horrid fight of fights,
 Until the knight of knights
 Sorely was tried!
 At him the giant rushed;
 Tipped; struck a rock; then
 hushed—
 Its edge his skull had crushed—
 And thus he died!
 So did this warrior bold,
 Of those brave days of old,
 Who wore the casque of gold,
 Overthrow wrong!
 Took he the maid to wife,
 Lived they a happy life,
 Never beset with strife.
 Here ends the song!

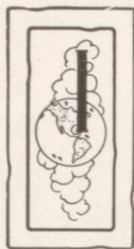
Moral—

Thus ever conquers right!
 Wins it in every fight!—
 You must agree.
 Some this fact disbelieve,
 They but themselves deceive!—
 Try it and see!

Ralph Burnett, June, 16.



SAM'S DUTY



IT WAS a brilliant June day that Sam Blanco, the wandering minstrel, decided to take leave of the "U" ranch. Sam's good-natured affability and the skill with which he sang and played the guitar had won his way into the hearts of the rollicking, "all wool" cowboys.

Sam left the door with his few belongings packed in a canvas bag thrown over his back. As he leaped to the back of his buckskin pony and started off there were many cries of "Good luck, Sam," and "Back again next year, Sam," flung noisily after him.

Everybody hated to see Sam go. He and his clear tenor voice and guitar had been the source of real enjoyment for the hundred and fifty cowboys of the "U" Ranch for the past two months. These minstrel qualities were Sam's pass into the cabin of many a lonely sheepman.

On this warm summer afternoon league after league of wild flowers made fragrant the broad, treeless prairie. Sam sang songs as the pony trotted lazily along the dusty road.

He decided to go to the sheep ranch of "Old Man" Dixon. A visit to a sheep ranch seemed to him desirable then. There had been too many people, too much noise, argument, confusion at "U" Ranch.

Old Man Dixon welcomed the minstrel flatteringly. He had often heard praises of Sam Blanco from other ranchmen, but he never as-

pired to be Sam's host in his own humble abode.

Old Man Dixon was a shrunken old man, with a short yellow-white beard and a face whose past smiles had been changed to deep wrinkles. His ranch consisted of a little two-room box-house in a grove of hackberry trees in the most lonesome part of the country. He owned a few sheep which he ran on two small sections of leased land and on many of the unleased acres surrounding his small plot. Three or four times a year perhaps someone would exchange a few words and smiles with him. Those were exception days for the little old man.

The smiling came back to the wrinkled face when he saw Sam approaching and he hurried out of his house in his shuffling way to meet the minstrel.

"Hello, Mr. Dixon," called Sam cheerfully, "I thought I'd drop over and see you a while. Seems to be lots of grass on your range. Ought to make good grazing for your lambs."

"Well, well, well," greeted old man Dixon. "I never thought you would take the trouble to ride to an out-of-the-way place like this. But you're mighty welcome, Sam."

Sam turned his pony into the pasture, then entered the tiny cabin and sat down to a meal of yellow biscuit, bacon, and strong coffee.

After the supper, Sam untied the green duck bag from his pack sack and took out his guitar. Sam's repertoire was composed of about fifty funny stories and between thirty and forty songs. He did not

stop here, however. He could talk through twenty cigarettes on any subject brought up.

I have not given you a picture of Sam in his picturesque attire. He was small, with a face as brown as a coffee berry. He wore a dark blue woolen shirt and a pair of corduroy trousers, high top boots with spurs, and a broad-brimmed, high-crowned hat.

That evening the old man and Sam pulled their chairs out under the hackberry trees. They lit their tobacco and Sam gayly "hit up" a tune on his guitar. Many of his songs were of the weird, melancholy, minor-keyed type, which he had learned from the shepherds. They pleased the lonely man immensely and no artist nor actor could have wished for more attentive audience than he gave.

The next morning the old man started to the camp of one of his shepherds with the week's usual rations of brown beans, coffee, meal and sugar. Two miles away on the trail he came face to face with his only enemy—a man by the name of James Earle, who was known to be the largest cattle owner in the country for a hundred miles around. He was also the loudest and most offensive bully in that section of the land.

In contrast with this great, strong and hated man was Old Man Dixon, who weighed only about half as much and who was nearly twice as old. The latter reined in his slow-moving pony and saluted his husky neighbor.

James Earle answered the courtesy with a gruff, "You're that old stiff that's running sheep on this

range, ain't you? What right have you got to it? Do you own any land or lease any?"

"I have two sections leased from the state," said the old man calmly.

"You have, have you?" snorted the bully. "Your lease ran out this morning and I had a man at the land office on the minute to take it up."

"You sheep men have got to get off. This range is mine. I'll give you two weeks to get your stuff away."

The old man rode on slowly, trying to plan out the dark future before him. Things were going badly for him. His sheep were dying off and the price of wool was decreasing. He could sell his sheep, but after the expenses of getting them to market were paid, he would not have enough to live on and he was too old to do anything very hard for his living. The blow left him weak and helpless.

When he got back to the ranch he found Sam fingering his guitar. The old man told the sympathetic minstrel of the threats of James Earle.

Sam took the news thoughtfully, for he had heard much of this powerful knave. He had known other persons who had suffered under that same grasping hand.

The next week the old man went to town for rations and met James Earle again.

"Good-bye," said the king gruffly; I have been wanting to see you. I hear that you are from Palma county, Missouri. I want to know if that's a fact."

"Born there," replied the old man.

"This man says you're some relation to the Palma county Jameses."

"Yes, Aunt Jeanette James was my cousin."

"Well, she was my half sister," said James Earle. "Everybody down in Missouri knows how the Jameses and the Earles stood by each other back there and I guess I got to keep it up out here. I've given you back your two sections of land and if you keep your sheep on them I won't bother you. But see that none of the beasts get over to my land or I may change my mind about this."

The old man drove back to his ranch in high spirits, but found to his disappointment that his guest had gone.

Sam came in later, however, with his spurs jingling.

"Hello, Sam," said the old man, "I am glad to see you back again."

Sam was silent for several minutes, then broke out impatiently—

"James Earle won't bother you any more. I did it. I spilled his beans. I met him in Dudley's saloon. I said a few things to him and he reached for his gun, but I got the drop on him."

"This was James Earle, you speak of?" asked Old Man Dixon aghast.

"You bet it was!" answered Sam.

The old man was quiet for a long time but finally looked up and said, "Sam, play that slow, melancholy piece once or twice."

Parker Sims, June '16.

THE CURLEW SCHOOL



A, MISS CARROLL and her feller are talkin' over this phone and she said she was goin' to quit next month and they're going to get marr-ied."

"Anne, are you sure that's right? Let me take that 'phone." So Mrs. Russell went to the telephone and confirmed her daughter's statement. Mrs. Russell was one of these women who would be insulted if we should call her a gossip. So let us call her a neighbor well-informed as to the business of those around her.

The next month was very exciting for those suburban people. Miss Carroll was to give an entertainment at which the new teacher was to be present.

On the night of the entertainment the schoolhouse was crowded as the new teacher stepped into the doorway. All eyes were turned in the direction of a small girl, who hesitated as if deciding which way to turn. As Miss Carroll approached her the buzz began.

"Well, she hasn't such a bad face, but you never can tell what they're going to be like. Some of these teachers we've had out here don't know any more than the children do." Mrs. Johnson's staccato voice was trying to whisper.

Miss Peyton was a graduate of a Spokane high school and her first school was to be the one in the Curlew district. As she was introduced she found herself much in disfavor as were all the new "school-marms."

Monday morning brought every pupil to his seat long before it was

time for Miss Peyton to go to the door and ring the bell. She had made up her mind that she was going to make the people in the Curlew district like her, but she had not had time to realize that it is a very hard task to make people like you.

Monday taught her that the school needed discipline, but there were too many who would not be forced into discipline when she tried to enforce it. She tried to reason with her pupils but that method was out of the question. "Oh, if I had only thought of handling a school before and not only of teaching it, I should have learned some method for discipline," she soliloquized. But as it was, she had yet to learn.

On Monday night, she felt that she was a failure as a teacher. She went down stairs to the telephone to call a number, and heard Mrs. Russel and Mrs. Johnson talking. Anne Russel didn't like her, so Mrs. Russel supposed they would have to be looking for another one pretty soon. And Jerry Thompson didn't like her, either. That settled it, if the children didn't like a teacher they couldn't learn. Miss Peyton sat thinking how she could make these women and children change their minds. So it was, that she fully decided upon a new method.

Tuesday at recess, she taught the children a new game and then read a book for fifteen minutes after noon. Somehow, teaching seemed easier the second day.

This plan she followed. On rainy days she told them stories, on bright days she joined with them in their play. Three months had passed, and Anne Russel had managed to keep away from her as much as possible.

Miss Peyton knew, as did everyone else, that the Russels were very much against her, but she felt that the others liked her.

It was mainly to bring the Russels to her side that she decided to have an entertainment. An entertainment is a long-looked-for amusement in the country and each teacher is expected to give one for the benefit of the community. On this occasion the schoolhouse is the center attraction. The little girls usually come out in their best Sunday dresses, their hair in tight curls and with their best ribbons on. The boys are conspicuous for their absence until they have time to get used to seeing each other all dressed up in their best.

It is not only women and children who attend these entertainments. Very few women come without their husbands. The men enjoy smoking their "corn-cobs" on the school porch and talking about the prospects for the coming crops, how much wheat Carlson's got in, what threshing machine they think they shall have and how scarce they think hired hands will be.

But inside, the teacher is the center of the affair, with the ladies all around her trying to "fix the lunch." Entertainment night may be termed municipal night in the country.

Miss Peyton had worked very hard before she felt that it was good enough to present. She had each one of her pupils on the program. On this occasion, the Russels had come because Anne was to be on the program, but they managed to keep to the side, somewhat.

"Miss Peyton, I ain't going to speak my piece." Anne had stage-

fright. After much persuasion, though, she was finally induced to give her reading. She gave it and gave it splendidly—even better than the teacher had dared hope she would. Mrs. Russel was very proud of her and said she always knew that if Ane had a little training she would make a good speaker.

Two weeks elapsed and everything had run on very smoothly. Anne was again at the telephone.

"Ma, Miss Peyton's talkin' to a

man and she say she don't know if she'll take the school next fall or not. I wish she'd stay, don't you, Ma?"

The next day Anne went to school early. "Miss Peyton, Ma says for you to come over to our house for dinner, and she told Pa when you come over, for him to take you home in the hack. I don't think Ma wants you to quit the school now. Are you going to, Miss Peyton?"

Irlene Pence, June '16.

CURLY BROWN HAIR



O BEGIN with, his name was Leon; Leon DeCamona. C o u l d there be a more romantic name? Brushed carelessly back from his high forehead was his curly brown hair, Hair! Far surpassing the fascinating charm of his name was his hair and his eyes. Not so curly that it was kinky, but it had that delightful wave that makes the girls admire the possessor, in spite of any other faults or defects. The color was a rare shade of brown with just a tint of red in it. And his eyes were a deep lustrous brown that stirred the depths of many a maiden's heart.

There was no more fervent admirer of Leon's masculine beauty than Myra Andrews. Myra was only nine, but what did that matter? All the girls in town adored him, and bitter was the strife to win favor in his sight. Myra felt that she had a special claim on him because he paid more attention to her

big sister, Irene, who was nineteen, than to any of the other girls. Of course, Lila Peters said he walked home from the library with her sister once, but if Lila only knew how late he staid Wednesday evenings when he came to see Irene!

Soon he called not only on Wednesdays but Sundays as well. And then Irene had his picture in an ivory frame on her dressing table. She and Leon went walking together, and he often brought his violin and played soulful music to Irene's more soulful accompaniment. And how he could sing! Aye, verily, he was a valiant suitor.

In some ways, Myra felt that Leon was not quite as nice as some others of the boys who courted her sister. For instance, he couldn't play tennis, nor drive Myra's father's car, but oh, his hair, his beautiful hair! Surely that would atone for anything, anything!

Besides it was nice to have a romantic one like Leon for a change. You see Myra was not particularly virtuous, and at an early age she

had discovered that when Irene sat in the porch swing with her "young man" she could hear everything, as well as see everything from the living room window. When they sat inside, it was just as easy to listen in the dining room. But no other suitor had made things so interesting as did Leon. Sometimes Myra would forget to listen when she became absorbed in watching the light play on his hair. Oh, Myra was proud, proud of her sister Irene who could claim the prince of men, Leon, for her private property.

After many vigils on the window seat Myra became convinced that Irene and Leon were engaged or nearly engaged. Anyhow a change had taken place. Leon had kissed her sister good night for several nights. As far as Myra could remember, none of the other boys had been allowed this privilege. So every morning she carefully scrutinized the third finger of Irene's left hand, but she was always disappointed. However, she wisely kept her counsel, because she valued her secret hiding place too much to give way to idle curiosity. But she kept her eyes open, and she noticed that Leon gazed more rapturously than ever in Irene's eyes as he sang, and that Irene had three more pictures of the adored one. Yes, Myra's cup was full. Irene would surely let her be flower girl, and she hoped Irene would carry pink rosebuds.

But cruel is the hand of fate, alas! Although Leon was elegant of name and appearance, he needs must follow the lowly trade of carpentry. Myra would often watch him as he sat on a roof, shingling. The sun

brought out the red in his hair better than ever then. Once she was gazing more intently than usual, and a terrible thing happened. Leon slipped and fell. Fortunately as it was only a shed the distance was not great and Leon was not injured.

Myra took one look at her unconscious idol and walked slowly away, something within her made her want to cry, but she only said, "poor Irene." She found her sister in her room looking lovingly at Leon's picture, the one where he had his violin under his chin.

"Irene," she said sadly, "Leon fell off of Thompson's shed and the whole top of his head fell off. It didn't bleed or anything, but it was just shiny, after the top came off."

Then, without waiting to hear Irene's startled exclamation, she rushed to her own little room and wept bitterly and long. Still, she knew she broke the news in an unusually gentle way.

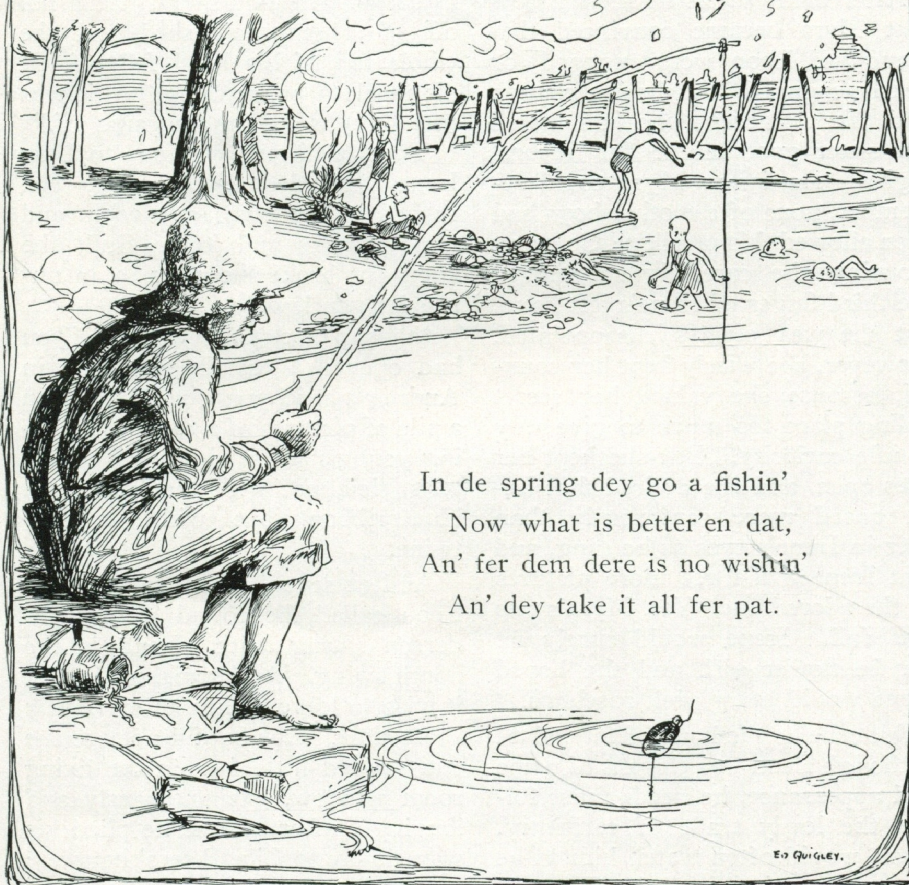
At five o'clock that evening, if you had opened a certain trunk up in Andrew's attic, you would have seen a pile of pictures of a romantic looking young man, a big bunch of letters, tied, not with the traditional blue ribbon, but with ordinary twine.

And at seven, when the restored Leon called, he found Tom Henderson sitting with Irene in the porch swing. And somehow he felt it wise to leave within an extremely short time. But he did not see the tear-stained little face in the living room window, gazing eagerly and longingly after him as he plied his way slowly to Lila Peters' house.

Ruth Mast, June '16.


A BOY

Isn't it great ter be a boy
 Wid all der tings ter do,
 Fer den dis woild is all a joy
 An' de tings dey play wid too.




In de spring dey go a fishin'
 Now what is better'en dat,
 An' fer dem dere is no wishin'
 An' dey take it all fer pat.

ED. QUIGLEY.



In de summer dey go a swimmin'
In a clear an' shady pool;
Dey're always happy an' whistlin'
An' dey play hookey from school.

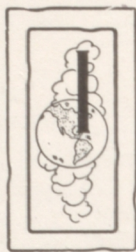
In de fall dey go a huntin'
A way off in de woods;
An' dere always findin' sompin',
An' dere tings sounds pretty
good.



In de winter it is a skatin'
On de clear an' far stretched ice.
Fer some fun dere is no waitin'
Ter be a boy sure is nice.

—Florence Ross.

THE MEASLES—AND RICHARD



ALL came of Richard's having the measles. It never could have happened otherwise, for he would not have become so intimately acquainted with Jane. Jane and her family moved into the house next door, the day after he had been put to bed. No sooner had the last van-load of furniture been unloaded than Jane promptly added to the general disorder and confusion by informing her mother that she felt "queer."

Just before the doctor left he said to Jane, "I have another case of measles next door, my dear. Richard is about your age and he feels pretty glum about being couped up. Perhaps you two can console each other when you are convalescent."

And they had consoled each other. Richard and his mother came to call on the new family. He realized that it behooved him to adhere strictly to what his mother called his "manners," but what he termed "polite foolishness," partly because he was wearing his Sunday clothes, which seemed to have the unconscious effect of adding "sir," and "please," and "thank you," to his vocabulary; but mostly because his mother had spoken to him emphatically upon this subject.

As she mechanically straightened his tie and cast a quick suspicious look at his fingernails she had said, "Now Richard, I know you don't like girls, but don't sit and scowl at her. Try to be agreeable. Do your best to be a perfect little gentleman

and I'll speak to father about that bat you've been wanting."

Richard had a picture in his mind's eye of the delicious moment when he would return to the "Bunch" with two claims for envy and admiration—the measles and the new bat. "Yes'm, I'll be a regular cherub, I will. But say," anxiously, "you meant the bat with the tape 'round, didn't yeh, ma? And we won't stay long, will we?"

Jane's mama sent her to show Richard the goldfish and he had gone with her out of politeness, and a desire to win the bat. Then they looked at Jane's specimens and finally she said, "I've got a frog."

"You've got what?"

"A frog and some tadpoles, nice fat, wiggly ones." He looked at her in amazement. He noted the frank, blue eyes, the flaxen braids and the freckles on her nose. Of course she was fooling; why girls, the silly things, screamed when they saw frogs and bugs. It was impossible.

"I don't believe it, what you take me for! I——" Her look of astonishment stopped him.

"You're ve-ry rude," she told him. "If you were not company I believe I would slap you, yes, I'm quite sure I would." He was staggered by this statement. "But since you are, I'll have to show you An-nabel," she went on in a resigned manner.

Still wondering what kind of girl this could be, he followed her to the back porch and from under a bench she drew a box. The box was lined with moss, and reposing in the center was a medium-sized frog.

When Richard got over his astonishment they played together with the frog for a while, then he said, "What d' say if I get my frogs and we'll put 'e mall in the tub and," hopefully, "they might fight?"

"Why that'd be fun," and the little girl hopped around in great glee.

"Could I get out without bothering Mother?" he asked.

"Yes, I'll let you out the side door."

They crept softly downstairs and to the side door. As they passed the living room door Richard heard his mother say, "—little gentleman." Strange doubts as to whether one could show off one's frogs while playing the role of gentleman entered his mind but he put them aside, for they had reached the side door and Jane was saying, "Hurry back, and say, Richard, bring your tadpoles too."

"All right. You watch for me 'cause if Ma sees me,— She hates frogs and things and she wouldn't buy me that bat."

After awhile back come Richard carrying sundry boxes and bottles under his arms and with a squeal of delight Jane took the frogs, while Richard led the way to the bathroom, with a branch from the old apple tree under his arm. "I thought we could make a regular pond with this branch and the moss," he explained.

"Oh, goody! And, oh, I know, we'll put the goldfish in too," she replied.

"Well, all right, we'll put 'em back soon anyway."

The fish were emptied into the bath tub after it had been half filled with water. Then after the branch

and moss had been arranged the frogs and tadpoles were added and the children surveyed their pond with satisfaction. "Isn't it just beautiful?" exclaimed Jane as the last frog had been placed on the branch. "I like this one best," she said, as she pointed to the biggest one Richard had.

"He's some frog you bet. I traded three others and a cart wheel for him. I was going to make a wheelbarrow out of it," he explained. "His name's Napoleon."

"Well, it isn't so bad to have the measles when you have Napoleon to play with," Jane said.

"Yes, but my mother don't allow me to bring my frogs in the house. She's scared of them, all girls are."

"I guess I'm not and I'm a girl, Mr. Richard, and my mother's not either, she likes 'em."

"Course, I didn't mean you. I meant the girls at school."

By this time the pond began to show signs of life. Splash, splash, splash, Napoleon seemed to be leading his army to battle, light infantry, cavalry, footmen and all. It began to look exciting. The little tadpoles darted hither and yon among the shiny gold fish. The door of the bathroom was opened and Napoleon desired new field to conquer, for with a great hope he landed in the hall and started off down the stairs at a great rate. The two started in pursuit but turned with one accord when two flop, flops, announced that the Legion was still faithful to Napoleon and intended to follow him to Elba, if need be.

"Shut the door, Dick!"

"Gee, but they're slipper. Catch 'em, catch 'em."

"I got one, I——"

"Oh, Jane, we better put 'em all back and go hunt Napoleon, if Ma sees him she'll say I've disgraced her."

"All right. There he goes, catch 'em."

"Yes, we'll both be disgraced—grab 'em,—if Napoleon gets down there."

They were trying to capture the smaller frogs when a shrill, hair-raising shriek came up from down stairs. "It's Napoleon!" they cried.

A rush of feet was heard on the stairs. Jane gave a despairing grab after the frog and plunk! into the tub she went head first. At that moment her mother threw open the bathroom door and reached the tub in time to help Richard pull out the wet and dripping little girl who blinked the water from her eyes and

asked, "Did you catch Napoleon?" Whereat, she was put to bed and Richard mournfully gathered up his frogs and tadpoles and went home with his mother who delivered a very painful lecture in which "gentleman," "first calls," "disgrace," and "manners" were referred to a great many times.

Needless to add he did not have the bat when he returned to school, but he proudly exhibited his new playmate to the "Bunch" which was "lots better'n a bat," he enthusiastically declared to his mother.

The next Saturday was Jane's tenth birthday and he presented her with a box carefully done up in a bright pink bow. When she opened it in pleased expectation, out hopped "Napoleon."

*Helen Quinliven, June '16.
A "Voxer."*



AN INDIAN LEGEND



WE HAD been in the house all day as it had been raining. Earl stood by the window watching the sky as the clouds began to clear away.

Suddenly he shouted, "Oh, Mother, come quick! It's smoking and I just know we'll be killed," he wailed.

Mother hurried into the room with a frightened look in her eyes thinking probably we had set the house on fire.

"See, mother," he cried, pointing to the mountain in the distance. "It's smoking. Mary told me that it was a volcano and that if I didn't

be good it would erupt and burn me and I told her I'd tell you because she told such a big story and now I just know it's going to kill me!"

"Don't worry, sonny, that is only mist and besides it has erupted all its is going to, so sit down and let me tell you about the last time it erupted.

We danced and shouted around her because we knew what a treat there was in store for us when mother agreed to tell us a story and I shall try to make it as interesting to you as it was to us.

Mother was a young girl when she came west and a few years after she was married. She and father went

to live at a place a few miles east of Spokane, now called Post Falls. They lived in a log cabin near the falls, not far from a sawmill.

Father was gone from morning till night and mother was left alone in the cabin. She was used to being alone and knew very well how to use a gun, so she had no cause for fear until some time later when father began trading with the Indians.

Many a day the Indians would come and, if father was away, would insist upon waiting for him.

Mother had not been in the habit of doing the housework with a number of Indians sitting on the floor silently watching her or, when she did anything that amused them, having the room filled with their guttural conversation. As they watched her going about her work they did not realize that behind that calm mask there was a harrowing fear of them.

But after a great many such visits mother grew accustomed to having the Indians around her and she began to make friends with them and learn their language. When she could understand them they would sit and tell her the legends of their tribe.

One day they were sitting out in the yard and an old Indian pointed to Mt. Rathdrum, which was supposed to be an extinct volcano, and said, "H'm dead now. Burn once then die."

Mother sat quietly by and waited for the legend which she knew he was going to tell.

"Many years ago, before the white man set foot upon this land, there lived at the foot of the mountain tribe of Indians. They hunt-

ed in the forests of the mountain and fished in the mountain streams.

"One day there entered the village a little Indian boy. No one knew from whence he had come but they took him into their tents and cared for him. The next morning when they awoke they noticed that from the mountain there issued a continual column of smoke. Like the coming of the boy no one knew anything about it and they immediately believed that there was some relation between the boy and the smoke.

"The days passed and Ute, so they called the boy, lived in the village and was cared for by the people. The red men grew accustomed to the boy and the column of smoke and so thought no more about them.

Ute grew to be a strong and brave warrior. There was nothing he dared not do and success seemed to be with him always. The Indians of the neighboring tribes learned to fear him.

"They began to think that Ute had a charmed life and decided that the column of smoke was an indication of this. They had heard that if this smoke disappeared Ute would disappear with it even as he had come. That long, winding column of smoke seemed to be mocking them for their defeats at the hands of Ute. Many were the attacks they made upon the village nestling against the foot of the mountain but the column of smoke, ever issuing, seemed to represent the unconquerable strength of the tribe, with Ute as its chief, and each attack ended in victory for their opponents. The Indians returned to their homes with the same story of

defeat until the older warriors began to taunt them. This made the blood of the young braves harden with hatred for Ute, for they knew it was he who was bringing such success to their tribe which dwelt at the foot of the mountain.

"A council was called to discuss the matter and plans were made to capture Ute, but there seemed a spirit guiding him. It led him around the traps that were laid for him and scheme as they would they could not capture the enigmatical young chief.

"One day, one of the old warriors said, "Ute came to this tribe and they protected him. As long as they do this and are faithful they will have success. Their loyalty is shown by the smoke. When their loyalty disappears the smoke also will disappear and ruin will come to them. The only way to ruin them is to destroy their faith in Ute.

"A plan was finally made. Each warrior was, at every chance, to poison the heart of Ute's people against him. The tribe of the mountain, ever jealous of the treasure that was theirs, tried to ignore the taunts of the hostile warriors. To some of the most ambitious the crafty foe flung taunts of serving another and one day a warrior said to one of Ute's men, 'Some day the smoke it leave you, then Ute leave you and death will come upon you. How do I know? Ah, he tell me: the cunning Ute, he deceive you.'

"Ute's men would not betray their real feelings but deep in their hearts there was growing daily a belief that Ute might be false to them. They were quick to believe evil of anyone and especially of one so

mysterious and about whom they knew so little.

"As they became less faithful to Ute he became pale and wan and cared nothing for battle. The warriors went forth but met with little success. Murmurs of discontent were heard around the village. One evening as he passed to his wigwam a squaw reviled with him about the protecting column of smoke and asked why it could not keep him from sickness. There was a rumor that he could live only as long as the people had faith in him.

"After many defeats, the people believed all that their enemies had said to them and they decided to kill Ute.

"That day the column of smoke was not to be seen and the people were fearful. They could hardly wait until evening, the time when Ute was to be punished for bringing misfortune and disaster to the village.

"That night was dark, so dark that one could hardly see a step before him. The warriors, dressed in their hideous warpaint and giving blood-curdling war-whoops, started for Ute's wigwam.

"Seizing him, they hurried across the village to an open place, where a large fire was burning. It was here they intended putting him to death.

"When they reached the place of torture Ute begged to speak to them.

"All unnoticed by the Indians, there had grown above the mountain a red light, which grew brighter and brighter.

"'I am a spirit,' began the condemned warrior, 'I was sent here

to help your race live forever upon this land. The white men are coming from a far land; they will push you from the earth. You quarreled with your brothers and have destroyed the chance which the Great Spirit sent to you. With my aid you would have been able to withstand the white man, now my soul is destined to go from tribe to tribe until I see them wiped from the earth.'

"With a mad cry a warrior made a wild plunge at him but, before he could reach him, the earth was shaken with a mighty thunder and from the mountain, where before there had issued a peaceful column of smoke, there burst forth a flame

of fire which seemed to reach the very dome of heaven.

"That night was a scene of terror and death for the people and at dawn, what had been a beautiful Indian village was cinders, and what had been a mighty tribe was ashes. Gone was the column of smoke, gone was the great Ute, gone was the tribe of the mountain and their village.

"So you see," said the old Indian, turning to my mother, "Ute's spirit is still following us. The white man is driving us from our homes. We will sicken and die in the cramped areas left us by our selfish brothers. We will go till our race is wiped from the earth."

Helen Mitchell, June '16.



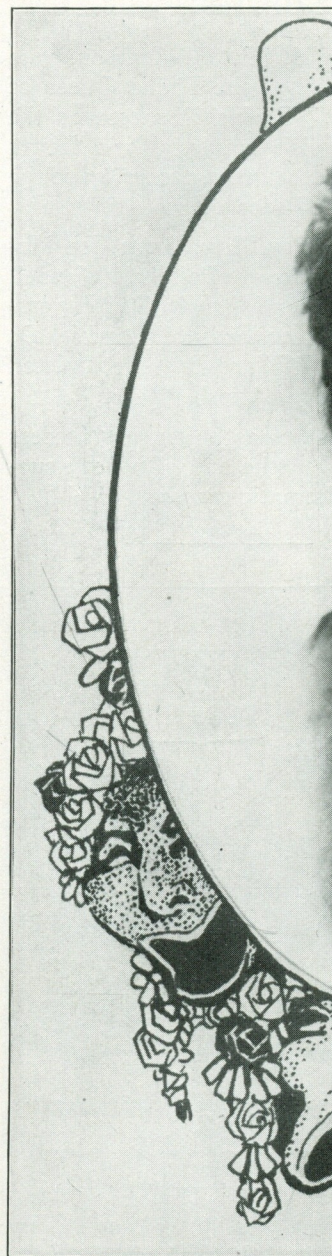
A Tribute

Miss Marguerite Klein leaves us this June. She has always been one of North Central's workers. She has been prominent in oratory, and the climax of her success was reached when she won for us the Jeffersonian contest from the Lewis and Clark. She received a ranking of first place from four of the six judges. The school will long remember her and thank her for her work.

A SONG OF DEATH

My song would be of Death, that mighty power,
 Which through the countless ages man has mocked,
 And looked upon with scorn! I speak in thy behalf
 Oh Death! I look upon thee as the dawn
 Of higher Life!. Does not the murky black
 Of midnight darken all the burning stars,
 And fling its ebon veil o'er all the earth,
 Ere Morning wakes the Sun and bids him shine?
 The verdant trees fear not rich Autumn's call,
 But clothe themselves in splendor while the winds
 Whisper sad songs of Death and bid them die!
 Thus go the leaves; then sings the naked tree
 A song of sombreness and wailing, till
 The icy winds of Winter howl no more!
 Then Spring advances north, a Regiment
 Of emerald, whispering its sweetest songs
 Of Love and Life. Then does the naked tree
 Respond to nature's bidding, and again
 Put forth her fairy blossoms; and each twig
 Tries to outstrip his brother; every leaf
 Grows larger and more beauteous than the leaves,
 Of years before, that Autumn bore away—
 The babbling brook, frozen by Winter's breath
 Is checked within its course and flows no more.
 Kissed by the first warm winds of Spring, again
 Its sparkling waters race among the rocks
 And wildly laugh, and shout, and roar, and sing,
 And mock the Winter that would hold them back!
 And so with Man, the crowning masterpiece
 Of Nature and of God. The spectre Hand
 That clutches in its grasp the sons of men
 Is not for nought. By chance Death never comes.
 True, some He crushes while they sleep in peace,
 Silent and swift at some He points His hand,
 While over some His ghastly figure glares
 And haunts them throughout life. Each sufferer
 Shall profit after Death! He who has failed
 In Life my find Death's Door the only key
 To his salvation. Like the elements,
 Man, as the fabled Phoenix, shall arise
 From Death's gray ashes. I would sing
 To honor thee and bless thee, Death! My words
 But ill express my meaning, yet my soul
 Is woven in his message. Let it live!

R. Burnett.





"Trelawney of the Wells"

The class play, "Trelawney of the Wells," presented May 26th, was a splendid success for the cast, for Miss Rogers the dramatic coach, and for the Class of June '16, under whose auspices it was presented. The play was written by Arthur W. Pinero, and although a comedietta, contained dash, humor and seriousness which held the attention of the audience from the time the curtain went up till the last line was spoken.

Ruth Corwin portrayed the title role so well one would have thought the part was written for her. Willis Campbell took the leading male role and played it with exceptional ability.

Marguerite Klein, as Avonia Bunn, made a splendid appearance and played her part with ease and ability that pleased. Evelyn Pickrell, in the roll of the loveable actress, portrayed her part splendidly.

Clifton Abrams, as the disconsolate lover, made a decided hit with his audience. Wilfred Newman presented the difficult part of Sir William Gower in a way that showed extraordinary ability in characterization. Katherine Johnson, the Maiden Sister of Sir Williams, was along with Ray Prescott, who played Augustus Colpoys, a low comedian, the chief laugh gatherers of the evening. Cal Cook was also one of the laughs of the evening, he took the part of Ferdinand Gadd, the husband of Avonia Bunn.

Lawrence Lentz took the part of James Telfer with great success, as

did his wife, Estelle Culliton, who was known as the Faded Queen of Tragedy. Gladys Burchett, as the stout Jewish landlady, and Lewis Jeklin, as the green grocer, gave the play a good send off.

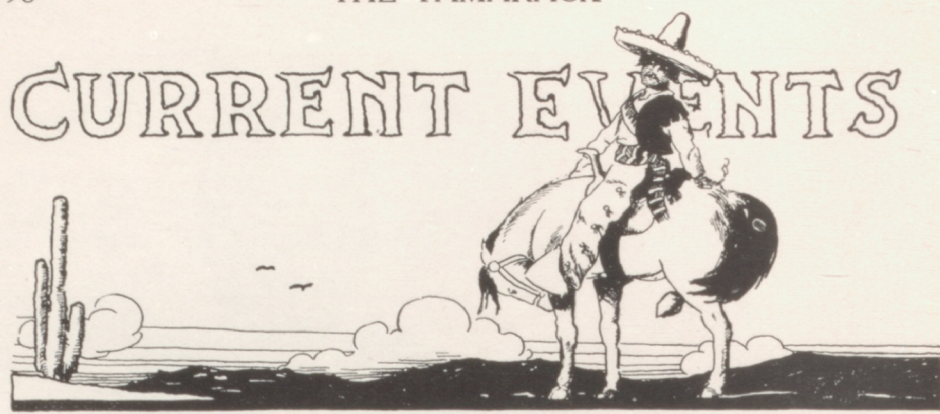
Ed Quigley, Erma Bean, Joe McCormick, Pearl Palmer, Wendell Wyatt, Helen Mitchell, Guy Beyersdorf, Boliver Scofield, Archie DeVore and Williard Duwe, completed the all-'round excellent cast.

The play was a decided success and marked the end of a very successful dramatic season.



Miss Bostrom: "I will have to excuse Walter Russell from class. His necktie is so noisy I can't hear the recitation." (Motion defeated.) She meant Syd.





Mrs. Anna Y. Reed of Seattle delivered a vocational talk to the students of the North Central High School on April 6. She was sent as a representative of the Curtis Publishing Company, which is carrying on vocational work in the public high schools of the United States. Her talk was very interesting and instructive. She showed by numerous examples why high school students succeed or fail. "In order to succeed in the business world a person must possess neatness, promptness, courtesy, efficiency and industry." Mrs. Reed is the well-known vocational director of the Seattle high schools and her talk will remain in the minds of the students as one of the best ever delivered in their auditorium.

On April 5, a convocation was called and a delightful program was rendered by members of the Masque Society. The numbers were:

Reading.....Laura Bullivant
 Vocal Solo.....Irene Lingren
 Reading.....Caris Sharp

The program was well selected and was much appreciated by the audience.

On Friday evening, April 7, the Masque Society presented "You Never Can Tell," a comedy, by Bernard Shaw, under the direction of Miss Ethel Rogers. This play was one of the best ever presented by the Masque Society and had a large attendance. The two leading roles were splendidly acted by Beatrice Yorke and Gerald Hover. Much credit must be given to Robert Patton, who, as Mr. Clandon, excellently interpreted probably the most difficult part in the play. Laura Bullivant, as Dolly Clandon, and Charles Brickell, in the role of Philip Clandon, are also worthy of mention for their skillful acting. The other members of the cast deserve praise for the manner in which they rendered their respective parts. On the list were: Raymond Byler, Caris Sharp, Ruth Finnicum, Philip McEntee and Carour Robinson.

Miss Wilson, the vocational director of the girls, has been busily engaged in finding summer positions for those who wish employment for the vacation months. She also voluntarily consented to remind the girls of the care of their teeth

and to send many of them to the city dentist. Miss Wilson is indeed an ardent worker among the girls of North Central.

The Jeffersonian Society of Spokane offered a prize of \$25 for the best oration on the "Life of Thomas Jefferson," written and delivered by a member of the Senior classes of the Spokane high schools. Each school eliminated the contestants to two at preliminaries, which were held April 7. Our representatives were Marguerite Klein and Roberta Fisher, who competed against Lyle Winslow and Robert Porterfield of Lewis and Clark High School. The members of the society judged the essays on composition and thought as orations and at the final contest, held in the North Central auditorium on April 12, they were judged on delivery. North Central held pardonable pride in that its speaker, Marguerite Klein, was the winner. Miss Klein repeated the oration at the banquet given by the Jeffersonian Society on April 13, the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson. Since her entrance to North Central, in 1912, Miss Klein has been interested in oratory and we wish her continued success in her future college career.

Several new books have been added to our school library. The following are on the list:

Vocational—"Starting in Life," by N. C. Fowler; "Commercial World and Training for Girls," by J. S. and S. B. Eaton; "Men Who Sell Things," by W. D. Moody; "Why Go to College?" by Alice F.

Palmer; "What Can a Young Man Do?" by F. W. Rollins.

Psychological—"Animal Mind," by M. F. Washburn; "Mind and Work," by L. H. Gulick.

Miscellaneous—"The Victor of Salamis," by W. S. Davis; "Anthology of Magazine Verse" (1915), by William S. Braithwaite; "A Day in Old Athens," by W. S. Davis; "Neighborly Poems," by J. W. Riley; "American Year Book" (1915).

On April 10 the students assembled to hear the Michigan Glee Club. Several delightful numbers were rendered by the whole club and also several by the quartet. The songs were sung in a manner that gave evidence of considerable practice as well as natural talent. This is the third time the Michigan Glee Club has visited us and we hope it will not be the last.

Principal R. T. Hargreaves acted as a judge at the co-ed debate between Whitman and Washington State College, which was held April 15, and Mr. F. G. Kennedy went to Tekoa to judge a debate between Tekoa and Endicott.

In a convocation for the Juniors and Seniors of the school Mr. Hargreaves gave a very interesting talk on "Efficient Salesmanship," bringing out the fact that all persons should read something along that line, whether they intend to become salesmen or not, as the business of selling things is the largest single occupations in the world at the present time. Mr. Hargreaves also declared that courtesy is the first law of efficiency in this line.

On April 28, the second annual Delta High Jinks was presented by the Delta Club in the North Central auditorium. The program was carried out with the same skill and talent as the former High Jinks and by the time the curtain rose every seat was taken. The program consisted of:

1. Orchestra — Arthur Torgerson, director.
 - (a) "Marcelle"Luders
 - (b) Delta High Jinks March.Wm. Robinson
2. Harris, LeClaire and Amiott, Athletic Stunts.
3. Rex Heath and Ed Shea, Comedy.
4. North Central Quartet: David Kirk, Frank Spaulding, Charles Abraham and Bryant Bishop.
 - (a) "Ladder of Roses".....
 - (b) "Long, Long Trail.....
 -Stoddard King
 - (c) "The Rosary".....Nevin
 - Arranged by David Kirk
 - (d) Solo—"When You and I Were Young".....
 - (e) "Old Black Joe"Frank Spaulding
 -
5. "The Best Man," a comedy in one act.

Characters

Mr. Richard Ford. Chilton Abrams
Mr. George Bradley. Wm. Robinson
Margaret Gibson.....Ruth Corwin
Marian Gibson ...Evelyn Pickrell

Scene—Vestry room of St. Paul's Church, Fairview, N. Y.

6. McEntee and Peterson, Song.

7. Ed Quigley, Cartoons.

8. "Oh! Miss Jones!" Libretto by Miss Edith Broomhall.

Music—Arthur Torgerson and Wm. Robinson.

Cast

M. A. J. W. St. Claire. David Kirk
C. V. Johnson....Gerald Sampson
M. A. E. S. P. C. A. S. Jones...

.....Charles Abraham
Mammy.....Hobart Johnson

Dark Town Swells—Horace Masterson, Richard Enderson, Demetrius Sturges and Ernest Hopkins.

Musical Numbers

1. "Am. M. Adolphus John"....
-M. St. Clair
2. "Serenade".....C. V. Johnson
3. "Ah's the Mammy of a Clevah Lil Coon"....Hobart Johnson
4. "Oh, Mr. M. Adolphus John"
5. "Wedding Bells."

Three and five-hundredths per cent of the population of Spokane is enrolled in its high schools. The enrollment of the Spokane high schools is 42 per cent heavier than that of the average of the cities of the western states, and the heaviest in the entire United States, while the cost of maintenance per pupil in Spokane is 12 per cent below the average of the cities in the west.

A baseball convocation was called April 26 to arouse interest in the baseball games between North Central and Lewis and Clark. Clinton Sohns, captain of the team, and Albert Fleming, manager, made short speeches, and Clifton Abrams announced the Delta High Jinks. At the close of the convocation, Laurence Lentz led the school in a few yells and the school song, "Red and Black," was sung with real North Central spirit.

The Delta High Jinks.



RUTH CORWIN



CLIFF ABRAMS



BILL ROBINSON



E PICKRELL

CHARACTERS
FROM
'THE BEST MAN.'



"FRENCHIE" AMIOT



C HARRIS

THE
ATHLETIC
ACROBATS
IN
ACTION



E. LE LAINE

SHUT UP OR
I'LL SLAP
MINE FACE

SHUT UP!! YOU
SUNG ONE!!
LUNG!! TOO
STEALUM SHIRT

GEE!! I FEEL
FOOLISH



G. SAMPSON.



C. ABRAHAM

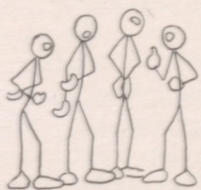
"OH! MISS JONES."



HEATH & SHEA



QUIG.

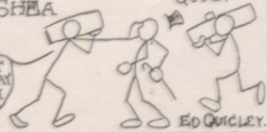


THE QUARTET.



McENTEE & PETERSON.

GET OUT
OF THE WAY
YOU HAM
ACTORS



ED QUIGLEY.

At a convocation on May 1, the fourth annual May Day program was in the hands of the girls of the Vox Puellarum. The following numbers were rendered:

"Crowning of the Queen".....
Catherine Sohns
 Vocal Solo.....Jean McMorran
 Reading.....Ruth Stone
 Solo.....Delia Hammer
 Violin Solo.....Thula LaFollette

The May Pole Dance—Dancers:
 Helen Miller, Rachel Davis, Jessie Taylor, Margaret Sellars, Evelyn Pickrell, Effie Davis, Ethel Hurley, Mildred Lawsen, LaVerne Edmons, Bernice Ferris, Elizabeth Henneberg, Dona Marshall, Lois Cheatham, Lavina Hammerlund, Olive Rhodes and Florence Puett.

The first and last numbers were given by the girls of the physical training department.

Mr. J. Newton Colver, editor of the magazine section of the Spokesman Review and a baritone singer, visited the school on April 26. He sang three delightful numbers including Kipling's "Danny Deever."

The picture of Principal R. T. Hargreaves in this issue of the Tamarack was a charcoal drawing by Edward Quigley, a member of the present graduating class.

On May 2 Mr. Smith of Whitworth College addressed the members of the Senior A class in the interests of Whitworth. He directed his talk mainly to those who were undecided as to the college they intended to enter. He discussed the program, division of Whitworth

and other points which add to its reputation.

Vice Principal A. H. Benefiel is an active member of the Spokane Bird Club. He has a position on the board of directors and has recently been appointed chairman of the program committee. Miss Gertrude Kaye, teacher of mathematics, is secretary of the club.

Mr. I. A. Carpenter has been appointed to the position of Superintendent of Building and Construction by the school board, succeeding Mr. Riner, resigned.

The Boys' Band led the Ad Club's Straw Hat parade on May 3, the day which, according to a proclamation sent out by Mayor Fleming, has been set aside as an annual day of recognition to be known as Straw Hat Day. After the parade the boys attended the Ad Club's banquet at Davenport's.

At a convocation for the freshmen and sophomores of the school Mr. Hargreaves presented awards given by the Amateur Athletic Association of Cook County, Illinois. In the athletic meet that was held there, 18,638 boys competed in the various events and three North Central boys were winners. The boys' names and the events in which they competed are given below:

Class A (Boys under 14 years; 2,042 contestants)—Maurice Saffle awarded highest place in running high jump; standing hop, step and jump and three lap potato race.

Class B (Boys under 16 years; 1,289 contestants)—Ralph Cook

awarded first place for running high jump; standing hop, step and jump and twelve-pound shot put.

Class C (Boys under 18 years; 1,095 contestants) — First place given to Paul Lentz for points in running high jump; standing hop, step and jump and twelve-pound shot put.

"One May Day," the May pageant, was presented in North Central auditorium on May 5 by the girls of the physical training department under the direction of Miss Peckham. The production consisted of a series of descriptive dances, carrying out the themes on the different hours of the day in the form of a pageant in which more than one hundred girls took part. This was the fourth annual May Day festival given at N. C. H. S. and it was largely attended.

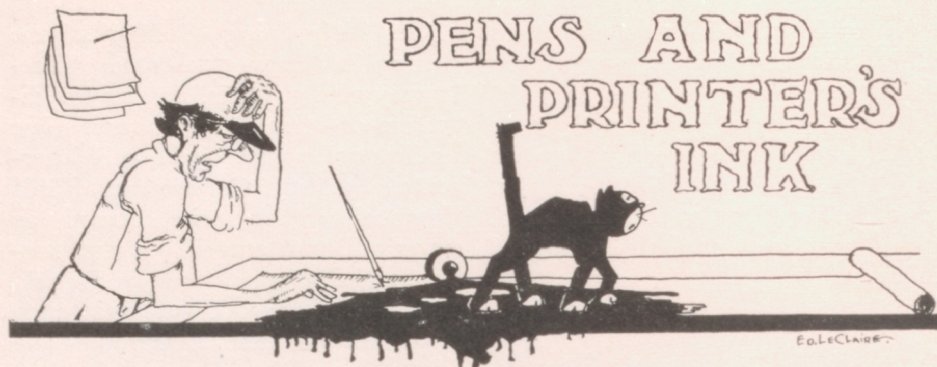
Mr. A. M. Johnson, at the invitation of Dr. Ira D. Cardriff, addressed the Botanical faculty and Seminar of Washington State College at Pullman. He discussed the glaciation of the Spokane Valley and its influence on the subsequent vegetation, gave an outline of the plant zones or regions in the Spokane Valley, and enumerated the undescribed and introduced species of plants in the Spokane Valley.

Principal R. T. Hargreaves delivered the commencement address to the graduating class of the Oakdale High School on May 17. The subject of Mr. Hargreave's talk was "The Safety Factor."

On the evening of May 26 the Senior A class presented "Trelawney of the Wells," under the direction of Miss Ethel Rogers. The leading roles were excellently interpreted by Ruth Corwin and Willis Campbell. Marguerite Klein, as Avonia Bunn, scored a great success, and Evelyn Pickrell, in the role of Imogene Parrott, deserves much credit for her skillful acting. The part of Tom Wrench was well taken by Clifton Abrams and Calixte Cook, as Gadd, received much applause. The rest of the cast were exceedingly well-fitted for their respective roles. On the list are: Estelle Culliton, Pearl Palmer, Katherine Johnson, Gladys Burchett, Helen Mitchell, Erma Bean, Bolivar Scofield, Joe McCormick, Wilfred Newman, Ed. Quigley, Ray Prescott, Lewis Jeklin, Laurence Lentz, Guy Beyersdorf, Wendell Wyatt and Archie DeVore.

On April 14 the seventh period class in the library was honored by having as its guest and entertainer Miss Ethel Rogers. Miss Rogers read "Spring Pomes," as "To a Waterfowl," "Daffodils," and works of other distinguished authors. Later in the period she read some of the writings of the more modern writers as Daly.

The prominent dentists of the city carried out a "Dentists' Campaign" among the students of the school, discussing fully the proper care of the teeth, tooth brushes, etc. They also showed that the health and happiness of an individual depends largely upon the condition of his teeth.



"Pictures around school to be cherished by seniors."

1. The first five minutes of convocation.
2. The cafeteria at 12:01.
3. The main halls during the morning and noon periods.
4. The groans and cheers that accompany Mr. Hargreave's announcement that some period will be omitted on account of the length of convocation.
5. The looks exchanged when an instructor springs a test.
6. The first few minutes after the Tamaracks are issued.
7. Mr. Ramsey when he is preparing to speak.
8. The tense excitement prevailing the auditorium the night of the class play.

Latest Innovation

When Mr. Ramsey installed student government in his session room there was one question which was uppermost in many minds: "If a person was kicked out of the library and then was requested to absent himself from the session room also on account of unseemly conduct, where should he go?" This deep mystery did not remain long hidden, for "the detention room"

made its appearance a few days later. This room is not solely for the purpose of accommodating seniors, as it rather hurts their dignity to be treated as children, and members of other classes have come forward. As long as we persist in acting like grade children we'll have to submit to such ways and means of restraint, but as soon as we realize our position and act accordingly, our treatment will also change. (This last part passed by board of censorship, therefor authentic.)

In the Same Institution

"One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives" does not only apply to the world but could be narrowed down to our own school. There are not many students here who know what a sacrifice a few are making in order to secure the education that some others here are coaxed to receive. There are boys and girls who have worked their way ever since entering high school; girls doing general housework and boys anything that comes along to help. There are boys who even work all night and go to school all day with only a few hours for sleep, study, and recreation, to get the education that others are willing

to throw away. *Those* are the people who appreciate the advantages offered here and are anxious to accept them, and those are the people who will succeed. Then doesn't it make you feel utterly disgusted to think that in the face of all that, there are students here who complain that four subjects are too much and wish to drop one or two?

A Shot That Found Its Mark

Mrs. Reed, when she spoke to us in convocation, certainly knew where to hit high school students. We hope Ed Partridge and Gerald Hoover absorbed that part about trying to speak and chew gum at the same time, especially when making convocation announcements.

"Powder Puff Club"

President.....Marguerite Klein
Vice-President.....Lillian Kelly
Secretary.....Ruth Corwin
Treasurer.....Mildred Perry
Reporter.....Elizabeth Gaitskill
Sergeant-at-Arms.LaVerne Peterson
Faculty Director.....Miss Bigelow

"One Step Forward"

The suggestion of cataloging the North Central pictures has already begun to bear fruit, for Miss Estelle Culliton has almost completed her list and now any one wishing to gain information concerning any picture, need only consult the list in the art room. This shows prompt action on an idea and is much appreciated.

"The Golden Rule"

The jewelry course this semester has been elected by many girls who are exhibiting great skill in that line.

We have been asked to remind those who are fashioning cuff links, scarf pins, fobs, etc., that when a gentleman receive such a gift from a lady he feels it is his duty to wear it, no matter how it suits his tastes. In other words, he means, "Have mercy."

Coming Back to Their Own

When the Deltas gave their High Jinks last year no feminine name appeared on the programs; this year there were two. No comments needed. The lack in the 1915 production was discovered and the correct remedy applied in 1916. The question now is, "How many will there be in the 1917 production?"

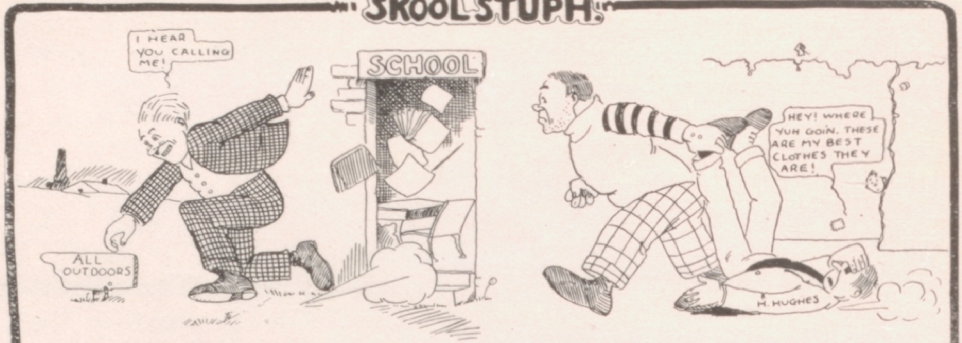
New Aristocracy

The latest new features around the bulletin board are special glass cases for the announcements of the various clubs. If those cases signify the superiority or importance of the announcements, the most important and the one of most interest to the student body has been neglected in that detail. Will some charitable soul donate a case of unique design for the announcement of convocation?

"Self Examination"

We students of North Central pride ourselves on our honesty and integrity, and would feel very indignant if ever accused of being the opposite. Have you ever stopped to think and to wonder how many really intend to live up to the requirements when they so calmly write out a petition for five subjects.

SKOOL STUPH.



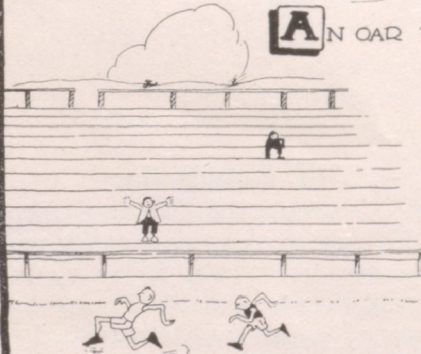
THE CALL OF THE WILD.
JUNE 10th.

FAT ANDERSON ACTED AS DUM
START ON THE STAGE THIS SEMES-
TER. HE IS HERE SHOWN CURING
A HAM.



ADVERTISING DE LUXE.

A N OAR WORTH TAKING.



WHAT IS IT? ANS. THE BIG CROWD AT THE INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

BASE BALL TODAY

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.



"A LASS" AND AND A LACK

Do It Well

Mr. Ramsey told a story to his session students one morning which ought to be passed along.

"There was an eccentric old man of wealth who wished to have a beautiful home built. He called in a contractor and after having made plans told him to go ahead and build it, using the best of everything, and he would pay the bills.

"The contractor started out well enough, but when he came to putting in the foundation, he told himself that the old man would never know the difference and he would just fill the walls with gravel in the middle, instead of making them solid, as was specified in the contract. Thus he would save himself the work and incidentally get a little extra money with no one the wiser. Throughout the whole work he proceeded the same way, always making the outside look better. When he had finished the old man, looking it over, said, 'I'm glad you have done so well and that you are satisfied with it for it is yours.'"

Moral—Do everything well for it may be for your good.

If Such Were the Case

A pearl button may bring to mind many things, but the one on the wall of Mr. Hargreave's office has a special significance. The slightest pressure upon it will bring the whole student body from its different occupations, and fill each person with the same thought upon which they all act at once and in accord. Needless to say the thought that flashed into every brain is, "Fire!" but wouldn't it be fine if some contrivance could be made so

that when some other pearl button were pushed the thought might be "Work," and have everyone act on that thought as quickly as they do on the first?

A Review of the Class of June '16

The most popular girl—Erma Bean.

The most popular boy—? ? ?

The prettiest girl—Beatrice Yorke.

The handsomest boy—Phil McEntee.

The girl most likely to gain greatest success—Roberta Fischer.

The boy most likely to gain greatest success—Kenneth Mower???

The wittiest girl—Catherine Johnson.

The wittiest boy—Willis Campbell.
Best bluffer among the girls—Beth McCauseland.

Best bluffer among the boys—Clifton Abrams, Esq.

The best girl to make things lively—Cathern Taylor.

The best boy to make things lively—Bert Stone.

(From observations by the editor.)

No Imitation Here

When a person speaks of school loyalty, one of the first mental pictures to form is a grandstand crowded to its capacity with a cheering mob of students urging on their team with their contagious enthusiasm. The average student cannot keep himself pitched to that degree forever, and must sooner or later come back to his normal state. Then comes the manifestation of his true school loyalty. One does not often think of a person having such school loyalty that he would let it stand in the way when it came to choosing between school and self,

but North Central can boast of such a one. There is a Senior girl who last year refused an invitation to live with friends on the south side of the river because she knew she would not be allowed to attend here. And chose, instead to work for her room and board, taking care of two children besides other work and to get her lessons between times. Being a Senior now, she has been able to accept her friends' hospitality and still be loyal to her school and I'm sure we are all mighty proud to have her here and glad to see some real loyalty.

Our Seven Weeks Visitors

We all heard a lot about the Lyon party when they were here. Now that they are gone it seems a little quiet. I am sure that all those who attended the meetings of Mr. and Mrs. Clase and the banquet at the end felt fully repaid. The high school nights at the tabernacle were also a success. And now that they have left us we can return to our work, feeling better because of their visit here.

A Money Raising Suggestion

Just as a suggestion, how would it be to put a slight tax on all candy sold in the high school building, both to be a source of revenue to the school board and to help in reducing the ever increasing number of candy sales?

We must hand it to the Senior B's though for that pie and cake sale. That was a real treat. I wonder if it would not prove a very profitable and acceptable innovation if they had a sale of sulphur and molasses, in tablespoon doses.

A Call for Volunteers

Where have all the budding poets of the school hidden themselves. We would like to have them come out and lend some support to their school papers. You know, practice makes perfect and they had better get the practice while they have the opportunity.

Did They Count?

The last five or six weeks of school—did you put in your best efforts, or were you "loafing" on the job? The true worth of your character can be determined by how you finished up your school year. The person who "lays down on the job" and lets things slide along has only given plain evidence of the fact that his nature is of the shiftless, easy, "happy-go-lucky" sort.

We Need More

A number of reproductions of world famous pictures were purchased by the graduating class and have been presented to the school. Each succeeding class owes, as its duty, some similar contribution to the school.

The environment for good hard work in the class rooms is far better when there are attractive pictures in place of bare walls.

Spring Fever

What is it? You have so much of it along at this time of the year. Each and every pupil seems possessed with the dreaded plague. The blue sky, the sunshine and the distant inviting hills call, and lessons and all desire for school are lost.

When that disease seems to be

taking hold of you, it is time you should mentally "wake up" and grip your pen a little harder and with a little more constant effort—forget this "spring fever" epidemic—for after all it is only a lack of effort; in other words, "laziness."

It's a Fact

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to idle things"—if you don't believe it look at couples walking home from school these bright, sunshiny days.

Our Debaters

We want to thank the Voxers for that fine May-Day program which they furnished us. Everything went off smoothly and showed much preparation and hard work. They have surely had a full semester.

The Sphinxers are also doing

splendid work for such a young club. They have been well represented in all the public speaking contests and give good promise for the future.

Would that some kind hearted citizen or organization around town would see the need of stage scenery at the North Central and donate some. Two interior scenes, one practically destroyed, completes the entire stock of interior settings. When any play or opera is given, temporary scenery has to be constructed. The Class of January, '16, presented an interior scene and it is used for every type of room—from a rich drawing room to a church scene. The need is obvious. Don't all present scenery at once. The school board would do well to read the above—twice.

The Convocation Bug

(Family unknown.) Indigerous to the High School Auditorium, where it spends the first five minutes in greeting others of its kind. Gives vent to a thunderous reverberating noise with its fore-feet and books, particularly at some poor joke. Makes a point of returning late to its recitation room always excluding its bad manners. May be easily recognized by its diligent avoidance of anything pertaining to the intellect. For further means by which to distinguish this species note the actions of Jerry Wilson, "Shrimp" Sohns, Leroy Armond, and Carl Anderson while in convocation. Also "Mike" Murphy of ?? fame.

The Lady Bug

(Partly American and partly North Central.) Infests the lower halls and may be immediately distinguished by its insulted look when it has been referred to as a "girl" rather than as a "young lady". Given to frequent use of the exclamations, "listen kid", "ain't it swell", and "ain't he cute". Feeds on Corned Beef and Cabbage when at home and on Pink Teas when away from home. Attracted by gilded youth—and anything else that is gilded. Lillian Jackson, Esther Hocking, Hilda Horn, Mildred Perry, and Lottie Eide, have all the qualities peculiar to this species.

Organizations



Engineering Society

The banquet was up to the usual Engineering Society standard. The program alone was worth the price, as the nickelodeon manager says of the Chaplin film. Mr. Hargreaves, Dr. Benefiel and Mr. Carpenter told us their various views of the faculty fishing trip. They agreed on all but one thing. Each that he was the best fisherman of the three. Mr. Rigg, an architect, spoke on the different phases of his profession. The program was completed by a lecture on the Panama Canal by Mr. Ralston. The fact that Mr. Ralston had been in the Canal Zone and had actually seen what he told us about made his talk even more interesting. The banquet was worthy of the Engi-

neering Society. Isn't that the highest of praise?

The last trip taken was through the Hazelwood dairy plant. Mr. Shuster, who guided us through, won the good will of every fellow present by his good nature. He showed and explained everything to us, from the cold storage rooms to the machines for making ice-cream, and all of the other departments.

Many more trips are being contemplated. A trip to Long Lake has been the "Engineers'" ambition for several years and it is in prospect for this year. Nineteen hundred and sixteen has thus far proved the biggest year in the history of the club.

Sphinx Club Report

"Say Bill! what's that Sphinx Club for, anyway?"

"Don't you know? Why that's a good example of school spirit. The Sphinx Club is one of North Central's best boosters. You see, it's this way—North Central has failed to capture the bacon in debating mainly because she has had no experienced material from which to pick her debaters. The Sphinx Club was organized for the purpose of removing this obstacle by giving the fellows practise in public speaking, and experience in debating. So you see, its main purpose is to support the school."

"That's great! But how do the fellows get any practice?"

"Oh, that's easy. One of the first things the Sphinx Club did was to form a public speaking class, open to boys interested in debating. Here a thorough training in the technicalities of public speaking is given. At the program meetings of the club the boys put into practise that which they learn in the class, and so they are able to gain a great amount of experience."

"That will certainly help the school, but I bet they have an awful dry time."

"Not at all. They have a lively bunch in the club and their meetings are not dry by any means. Once a month they have a social meeting at one of the fellow's homes and only one out of four meetings is devoted entirely to business. As all forms of public speaking are studied the programs are both serious and humorous. "Dug" Scates, Ray Byler, "Cop" Daniels and Bob Cartwright gave some very

humorous talks at the last social meeting, held at the home of Victor and Martin Jensen.

There's something doing all the time! The hike to Deep Creek Canyon a short time ago was a great success, some of the more daring members even camped out over night. The Sphinx has also arranged a public speaking contest to be held soon in convocation with five dollars for the first prize. And say! keep your eye open for the date of their annual picnic to which the lady friends are going to be invited."

"You bet I will! I'm glad I asked you about the Sphinx Club. Why, if the old saying that "The best way to judge the future is by the past," is true the Sphinx Club will soon be far in the lead of all others, won't it?"

The Mathematics Club

It is scarcely necessary to enumerate the activities in which the Mathematics Club has engaged this semester, for they are known to every one at North Central. This club has a student aid committee which has carried on the work of assisting students in mathematics with great success. The annual goemetry contest was held under the supervision of this society. On the bulletin board you have probably seen the mathematics honor roll compiled by the club, as well as the attractive programs of our social meetings. Any member of the club can tell you how interesting and entertaining these meetings are. Don't let your grades in mathematics fall below ninety per cent and some day you may belong to one of the best clubs in North Central.



Commercial Club

The Commercial Club has been having as good a time as usual, you can easily see that by the smiling countenances in the picture. You would not think to look at the members of this club that they can get down to the most serious kind of business and accomplish things too.

Dictation from the different members of the faculty and work for The Tamarack keep most of the members of this organization busy, but they are the kind that work with a will and vim that fairly makes work melt under their agile fingers.

However, I would not have you forget that they can have a good time with just as much vim and vigor as they work. Not long ago they had a social meeting at the home of Irene Long and they proved their ability to have a good

time, but when they had their picnic, talk about fun, well, a Commercial Club picnic is fun personified.

Just watch the Commercial Club! It will keep you busy if you do, because the grass doesn't grow under their feet!

North Central Kodak Club

The North Central Kodak Club is doing exactly as was prophesied; it is thriving, developing and gaining strength day by day.

Regular meetings are now being held, each one attended by an active and large number of kodak enthusiasts.

The other day during the noon hour a group of girls were congregated on the first floor. It could plainly be seen by their conversation

they were discussing the Kodak Club.

"Say," exclaimed one little wide awake girl, "don't you think the idea of taking that trip to Deep Creek is just great?"

"Well, I guess so, chimed in her friend, "just think of the dandy pictures we will get for the Tamarack."

"Say," spoke up another girl, "wasn't that a fine talk that Mr. Donahue from Graham's gave us the other night? He sure did give us some good pointers."

The hall was becoming crowded by this time so the little group had to break up.

"Be sure and don't forget the meeting Wednesday night," said one of them as they parted.

Sans Souci

"Who ordered the ice cream?" though not "made in France," has become our by-word since our April party, when the above delicacy should have been served in tumblers. The refreshment committee, instead of being overwhelmed with confusion by this disaster, strutted about and said, "We're Sans-Souci," which in good English is equivalent to "we should worry."

We are very proud of the two new members whom we admitted recently. Katharine Drummond's oral theme on "Charlemagne's Retreat from Roncevaux," which she gave at her try-out, was worthy of a Frenchman from Paris. Our other new member, Delia Hammer, is going to entertain us with one of her French songs at our next meeting.

Now that spring has come we are all looking forward to a picnic. I shouldn't say "all" for the director

tells us that it is no fun chaperoning a "bunch of kids" on a picnic and she earnestly recommends a high and dry spot far from the roar of the Spokane river. If "dear reader" knows such a spot please hide it.

De Rerum Natura

De Rerum Natura is the name of one of the first books on science and also the name of the first scientific club at North Central. As the name suggests it was founded for the purpose of investigating "the nature of things." It is not the purpose of the club to restrict itself to any one branch of science, but to include all branches of natural science. It is proposed to limit the membership to students of the two upper classes who have taken or are now taking courses in science. However, no one shall be eligible who cannot maintain a grade of 85 per cent or above.

On May 3 a spirited meeting was held at which the following officers were elected:

Maynard Stedman.....President
Helen Kaye.....Vice-President
Esmer Cavanaugh.....Secretary
Horace Masterson.....Treasurer
Bernardie Luther.....
.....Tamarack Reporter

It was decided to have two of the faculty members in the club, Mr. Kennedy being chosen as director and Mr. Davis elected to honorary membership.

The new club is glad to say its organization meets with the approval of Mr. Hargreaves, who promises his heartiest co-operation in making De Rerum Natura a success.



Die Germanistische Gesellschaft

The German Club is closing a very successful semester. It has proved its worth to the school through the student aid work, the German play "Eigensinn," and the German contest, all of which were great successes. The social meetings have been enjoyed by all who attended them. A party was given May 6 at the home of Douglas Scates for all who were eligible to the club. The annual picnic was held in Hangman Creek valley, May 12. Almost half of the club graduate this spring, including four of the officers. So keep your German grades up and perhaps you will also participate in our activities next semester.

Vox Puellarum

Indeed the Vox girls are just as busy as ever, even though the warm June days are making some people listless and lazy. During the early spring the Vox had charge of the

Interclass Debates, being ably assisted by the boys' debating society "The Sphinx." A short story contest, open to all girls in the school, was held, closing on May 1. The winners in this contest were: First, Mary Kelly; second, Ethel Thornton; third, Ardyce Cummings.

Then on May Day we had charge of both convocations, furnishing a program which was well received by all—but then, you were all there and know about it already. And the Japanese Tea! Were you there? If not you missed a splendid program and an all-round good time. Likewise our annual picnic was an event which will long be remembered by those who attended.

Now you all know who the Vox girls are and what we stand for; watch us develop and further our plans for helping the girls of North Central to make the most of their high school course. As a club we wish to extend our hearty apprecia-

tion to the student body for the support they have given us during the past year and express an earnest wish that each and every one of you may have a pleasant vacation and return full of strength and zeal to take up another year's work.

Delta

On the evening of April 28th the Delta Club again made itself famous by the production of "The Second Annual Delta High Jinks" before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the North Central Auditorium.

Mr. A. W. Davis, a former member of the school board and the present Delta director was given a small token in appreciation of his valuable help to the club. Plans have been made to present on the night of graduation, a medal donated by the Delta Club, to the boy who has done the most for North Central during his high school course, athletics, scholarship and general good to be considered. The first award will be made in January 1917.

As a final climax to a very successful year of work and pleasure the entire club with their "lady friends" went to Liberty Lake via "The Delta Special" on May 27th for the annual Delta picnic and, like all Delta picnics, it was a grand success.

Agenda

The far-famed oracle, Achmed Abdullah, once more faced the Seeker-After-Knowledge in the western chamber. The cobra reared its flattened head from its massive coils upon the oaken table. The

crystal ball reflected from its inmost depths the ruddy glow of the fire, which leaped up in the brazen bowl as if in welcome at the second coming of the Seeker. All within the chamber reminded the Seeker of his former visit. All without was changed. The view from the western windows had then been very bleak indeed. Now spring had come into its own. Trees and lawns had donned their summer garb of green; multi-colored blossoms, more beautiful than a queen's priceless jewels, decked the hillsides; and birds caroled as if about to split their pretty throats in joyous welcome of the summer. The Seeker-After-Knowledge was loath to interrupt the revelry into which the ancient prophet had fallen. At last he spoke.

"What see you of the past and of the future?"

The prophet gazed into the crystal ball, the cobra began slowly to move his head from side to side and the flames died down into their bowl in an expectant hush—then leaped up in a frenzy of excitement as the prophet raised his eyes.

"I see much," he said slowly. "Of what do you wish to know?"

"Tell me more," replied the Seeker eagerly. "Tell me more of the achievements of the Agenda Club."

The oracle gazed into the depths of the massive crystal.

"The success which I have foretold has come. The Agenda Club is recognized as the foremost of North Central's organizations. It had made the perilous journey of another year in safety—and in the lead! True, as the winter approached, loomed a great disaster in its

path, but its momentary faltering has been forgotten amid the later splendor of its attainments. Its entertainment for the upper classmen under the direction of Bob Irvine, would in itself place the Agenda Club before the eyes of North Central's students as the best organization of the school. It is but one of its many enterprises. And as a grand finale comes the second annual picnic, indeed a fitting close for such a year. If in the years that are to come the Agenda Club goes on as it has begun, we who are its members in 1916 may point to it with pride as the product of our labors. The success for which we have striven will have been attained."

The Seer was silent, and as the Seeker-After-Knowledge left the chamber, closed his eyes as if in sleep. The cobra ceased his sinuous motions and the fires crept down into their brazen bowl. Through the west windows the gilded dome of the Temple of Allah cast back the rays of the noonday sun, and illumined the room with the hazy, liquid light of summer.

Senior Class A Report

The Senior A Class has sure done things this past semester. The trophy for the inter-class track meet went to our class for their decisive victory over the other classes on April 29. That is only one incident of several.

On May 26, the class play "Trelawney of the Wells," was given with Ruth Corwin, Willis Campbell, Evelyn Pickrell, Clifton Abrams and Marguerite Klein in the leading roles.

Dr. Holland, president of the State College, delivered the Baccalaureate address on June 6th, an address that will long be remembered by the graduates.

The class is leaving as its memorial a number of reproductions of famous paintings.

The various committees appointed by the president were:

TAMARACK—Clifton Abrams, Roberta Fisher, Wilfred Newman, Erma Bean, Irene Anderson, Irlene Pence, Beth McCausland, Beatrice Yorke and Edward Quigley.

WILL — Erma Bean, Evelyn Pickrell, Willis Campbell, Sidney Rogell and Helen Mitchell.

PROPHECY — Beth McCausland, Genelle Wallace, Ruth Putnam, Ruby Thuness, Eleanor Buchanan and Louise McPherson.

PLAY—Beatrice Yorke, Mildred McHenry, Marguerite Klein and Ruth Corwin.

HISTORY — Roberta Fisher, Chester Adams, Catherine Horstman and Arlene Hand.

MEMORIAL—Irene Anderson, Walter Russell, Esther Thunborg, Lewis Jeklin and Ralph Burnett.

CLASS DAY—Edward Quigley, Estelle Culliton, Claude Murray, Estelle Downer, Calixte Cook and Dollie Hemenway.

CARDS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS—Wilfred Newman, Katherine Johnson, Albert Fleming, Kenneth Cable and Gladys Hagan.

Senior B Class Report

The Senior B Class has been a very active one during this semester. There have been two candy sales and one cake sale which were great successes. Loris Henry, as presi-

dent of our class, has shown great ability in arousing class spirit. Plans are being completed daily for the picnic which is to be given to the Senior A's on June 2d.

The class is well represented in all school affairs and class activities. You always see the Senior B's in connection with anything happening in North Central.

Junior A Class

The Junior A's have selected their class pins, and the pin committee reports that they will soon be here. We certainly will be proud to wear them; just look at the class they represent! Several of the staff members are Junior A's and we are well represented in all the clubs of the school. Some of the important parts in the Masque play were taken by Junior A's and they brought credit both to themselves and their class by their work.

"You Never Can Tell"

(With apologies to Mr. Shaw)

Scene: In the hall.

Time: Any time.

Dramatis Personae

Miss Gay Hart (who says the unexpected and does the unusual Miss Delia Hammer
Miss Ima Match (who is inclined to bondeness and a hypichondriacal out-look on life)
. Miss Geraldine Moore
Mr. Pewer Tea (description useless; of villainous tendencies, but he talks himself out of some tight places)
. Mr. Walter Russell
Mr. I Will Talk (generally speaking, he is generally speaking) . . .
. Mr. Robin Cartwright

Enter Miss Match and Mr. Talk conversing earnestly.

Miss Match: Did I enjoy the open-house? Yes, indeed, Mr. Talk. Morton Baker was a dandy host and such fine prospects! The ranks of honorable Masquedom should be greatly augmented.

Mr. Talk: (as this magazine has somewhat limited space, the editor finds it necessary omit this character's reply.)

Enter Miss Hart and Mr. Tea in a clandestine manner. They seat themselves on a radiator. Secreting themselves behind a steam pipe Miss Match and Mr. Talk listen to their conversation.

Miss Hart: Oh! my dear Mr. Tea, you are so sweet to say nice things about my solos at the open house. You know I'm really very keen about Mr. Shakespeare and I did enjoy that scene by Irene Oliver and Jean McMorran.

Mr. Tea: And that pantomime by Cate Taylor and Irene Lindgren was a very clever one.

Miss Hart: And oh Mr. Tea, what did you think of the play?

Mr. Tea: A decided credit to the society—a decided one—Miss Hart.

Miss Hart: Yes indeed—and wasn't Beat Yorke a haughty maiden? Poor Gerald! I felt so sorry for him, but he made a dashing hero just the same.

Mr. Tea: And in the words of our worthy friend the reporter, "Robert Patton is a decided addition to the dramatic side of the school." I didn't know we'd been enlarging the building, but I certainly agree with him that it was a mighty clever piece of work on Bob's part.

Miss Hart: Laura Bullivant and Chookie Brickell! Laura was so vivacious and in spite of the loud noise made by Chookie's tie we could hear everything she said.

Mr. Tea: And Ruth Finnicum! Wasn't she motherly! I never dreamed she could be so sweet.

Miss Hart: Oh they were all so clever—Caris Sharpe, Raymond Byler and Cavour Robinson, while Phil McEntee's solo in the second act was masterly. Now see here, Mr. Tea, what makes you so cold? Aren't you going to the picnic?

Mr. Tea: Yes. I was just thinking of a lesson I have *not*. But, since you speak of it, I think our picnic at Liberty Lake on June 3d is going to be——!

Mr. Talk (behind the steam-pipe—unable to restrain himself longer): Oh, Yes! Mr. Pewer Tea——

Miss Match: We're caught!

Miss Hart: Have they been listening? Well, we'll see about this.

With this fiendish speech the intrepid hero and heroine push Miss Match and Mr. Talk down the aforesaid steam pipe and slink away, laughing in a Ghoulish manner.

Question: Did Miss Match and Mr. Talk ever get to the Masque picnic? The author does not know—but "You Never Can Tell."

Moral

I wonder what more a person would ask

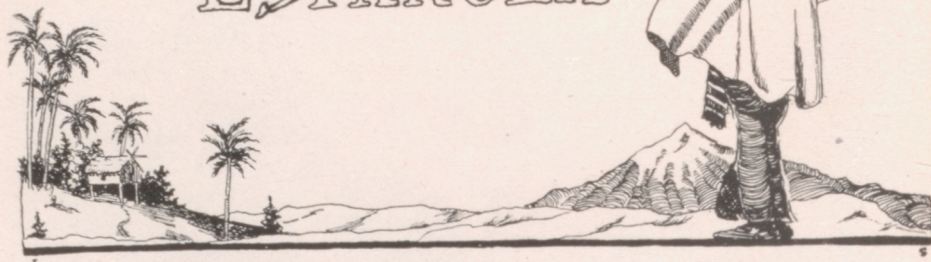
Than to join the club that's known as the Masque.



*School
Spirits.*



LA SECCION ESPANOLA



Nuestro Objecto

Porque debo estudiar el Espanol?

Esta pregunta se presenta siempre al estudiante de hoy que ha de elegir uno de los idiomas modernos. Los factos son muy claros.

El objecto de la educacion moderna es de preparar al estudiante por el trabajo de su vida. Por eso, en elegir un idioma moderno, la consideracion del uso practical es muy importante. Y por cuanto que se pueda decir del uso practical de los otros, la verdad con relacion del Espanol es como sigue:

Los acontecimientos del mundo durante de los pocos anos pasados hasta hoy han aumentando mucho el espiritu de unidad entre los Estados Unidos y las republicas de Sud America. Este espiritu ha crecido, y crece hoy, hasta que todo se dirige a un futuro de unidad, moral y comercial, entre todas las republicas Americanas; es decir, un futuro de Pan Americanismo. Este futuro se acerca rapidamente, y todos los

Americanos, por si salga de su propia republica o no, van a participar de un modo o otro en este futuro.

La primera necesidad de intercomunicacion entre seres humanos es un conocimiento de la lengua, el uno del otro. Por eso es muy claro que antes que se pueda ser relaciones mas beneficiales entre los Norte Americanos y los Latino-Americanos, esos deben comprender el idioma que es mas general entre estos; el Espanol.

Los estudiantes de hoy seran los comerciantes de manana. Seran viviendos en un futuro de Pan Americanismo; tendran que participar en aquel futuro, y por eso es preciso absolutamente que puedan hacer su parte.

Este es el futuro para que nosotros estudiantes de hoy nos preparemos; si sea directamente o no, todos de nosotros llevaremos alguna parte en ello. Debemos empezar nuestra preparacion por el estudio del Espanol. Y es con el fin de contribuir algo, por poco que sea, a la causa de Pan Americanismo por adelantar el

interes en el estudio del idioma Espanol, y para que pueda ver todo el mundo lo que hacemos en aquella causa, nosotros estudiantes del Espanol a North Central High School dedicamos "La Seccion Espanola."

Queriendo usar todas las oportunidades de adelantar el interes en el Espanol y la apreciacion de su uso practical entre nuestros condiscipulos por todos los Estados Unidos, nos alegraremos mucho de comunicar con cualquier de ellos que lo quieran.

Dirige la palabra a "La Seccion Espanola." Tamarack Office, North Central High School, Spokane, Washington.

El Departamento de Espanol

Hay actualmente a North Central High School ciento cuarenta y siete estudiantes del Espanol, separados en dos divisiones, segun el adelantamiento del discipulo. Estas divisiones se llaman "Espanol I" y "Espanol II." Hay ochenta y cuatro en esa y sesenta y tres en esta. Hay mas muchachos que muchachas (noventa y cinco y cincuenta y dos, respetivamente) pero las muchachas son bien representadas, y su trabajo indica la buena voluntad que traen al sujeto.

El semestre que viene esperamos tener tambien clases en Espanol III y Espanol IV. Por supuesto se depende de la accion de los senores directores de las escuelas, pero creemos que ellos quieren ayudar la buena causa tanto como nosotros lo queremos.

La atencion debe llamarse aqui a la influencia de nuestra pro-

fesora entre sus discipulos. Fuera de su extraordinario conocimiento de la lengua espanola, y su habilidad en hablarla, es un fin mas caro a ella adelantar el estudio del Espanol y ayudar a los que lo estudian a comprenderlo y apreciarlo. No ha dicho nada a nosotros de establecer esta "Seccion Espanola," sin embargo es una resulta de su buen trabajo y influencia rara. Apreciamos mucho todo lo que ha hecho para ayudarnos en todo nuestro trabajo en Espanol, y en obtener la materia que hemos necesitado para este trabajo.

EJEMPLOS DEL TRABAJO

La Cortesia Del Despacho

Un dia, cuando yo estaba en colegio, no quise estudiar porque hizo demasiado buen tiempo. Estaba sentado cerca de la ventana, y pude ver a los muchachos jugando a la pelota. El profesor vio que yo no estudiaba, y despues de decirme tres veces que yo estudiase mis lecciones, me mando que yo fuese al despacho del Senor Hargreaves. Yo sali del cuarto, pero en vez de ir alli yo cogi mi sombrero y fui a casa. El proximo dia me llamaron al despacho del Senor Hargreaves y el me dio cortesmente un pedazo de papel, que llevaba las palabras; —"Tiene Vd. permiso de ir a casa hoy tambien."—

—Esten Hackett.

(Cuando estaba preguntado si fuese verdad este cuento, el autor dijo que preferia no comprometerse).



**Memorial a Sarimento Para Ser Erigido en Boston por la
Republica Argentina**

El memorial representa Sarmiento, el celebre presidente y educador de Argentina sentado en la popa de la galera simbolico, dirigiendo su destino. Argentina y Columbia estan en la proa, mirandas el futuro de America. Educacion, corage, progreso a un lado, y energia, integridad, y conocimiento al otro, son las fuerzas propulsoras.

El motivo para erigirlo en Boston es para significar la admiracion que llevaba Sarmiento para el grande educador Americano, Horace Mann, que hizo tanto para el estado de Massachusetts.

El organo oficial de los estudiantes del idioma espanol a North
Central High School.

Rédactor.....Roberto Patton
Asociada.....Irene Oliver

Un Cuento Verdadero

Un dia cuando yo iba a la ciudad en el tranvia, una mujer y su hija estaban sentadas tras de mi. Cuando llego el tranvia al puente de la Calle de Division, dijo la muchachita—Es este un puente nuevo, madre?—

—Si, este es un puente temporaneo.—dijo su madre.

—Pero, que es un puente temporaneo?—

—Un puente temporaneo es un puente que toma el sitio del puente verdadero.—

—Oh! Yo se, madre. Como sus dientes. No?—

—William Singer.

La Pena

Un dia, cuando las manzanas maduraban, Pedro y Pancho tenian mucha hambre.—Pancho,—dijo Pedro,—yo voy a pillar unas manzanas de estos arboles.—

Bueno!—respondio Pancho.—Ire contigo—

Se acercaron los muchachos al huerto de un vecino; subieron en un manzano, y la fiesta empezo.

—Me gustan ahora estas manzanas tanto como me gustaria pastel otra vez—dijo Pancho.

—Si, es verdad, pero mires! Aqui viene el labrador con su escopeta!—

Se bajaron de pronto los dos y se pusieron a correr por sus vidas.
* * * * *

Por fin Pedro estaba alcanzado por el labrador.—Por la vida de su madre no me dispare Vd.—

Pedro corto lina para el labrador por dos horas, pero Pancho—el que era tan afortunado como salvarse—estaba enfermo por una semana.

—F. Forrest.

Juan Va Pescando

Un dia clara en junio, dos de los amigos de Juan le rogaron que fuese al rio con ellos. Al principio Juan dijo que no, pero cuando le rogaron por la segunda vez, no pudo negarse a ellos, porque no fue mas que humano. No comprendia por que tenia que quedarse en la escuela y estudiar, mientras que Carlos y Pedro se

divertian en pescar; pero dijo a Carlos—No tienes miedo de que la senora Gardly vea que estamos ausentes?—

—No.—estaba la contestacion de Carlos.

El rio estaba una milla de la escuela, pero parecio diez millas a los muchachos, porque hacia mucho calor. Muchas veces Juan dijo que se parasen y descansasen, pero los otros le llamaban nino!

Por fin llegaron al rio a las dos de la tarde. Entonces se pusieron a pescar.

Habian estado pescando cerca de dos horas, cuando Juan cayo en el rio. Ni Carlos ni Pedro pudieron nadar, y se hubiese ahogado Juan si un hombre no hubiera pasado, se echo en el rio y le saco al agua.
* * * * *

Cuando Juan llego a casa aquella noche, su padre le castigo y le hizo acostarse sin algo de comer.

La proxima vez que estaba rogado a hacer novillos para ir a pescar, respondio que tenia que estudiar.

—Lois Allen.

Es mejor no tener razon que ser incierto, dijo el Senor Hudson Maxim.

—Carroll Bond.

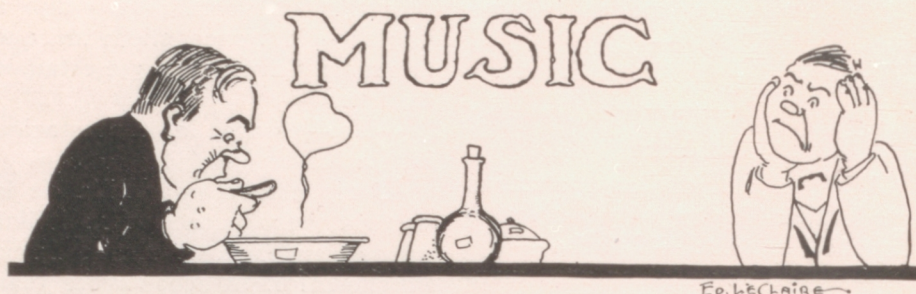
—Ha oido usted de la disgracia en el tranvia,—

—No. Que sucedio?—

—Un hombre tenia su ojo en un asiento y una mujer se sento sobre ello.—

(Traduccion exaeta).

Isabel Mather.



MUSIC AS A MAJOR SUBJECT

Among topics of vital interest to the high school students, is the one of making music a major subject during the high school course. That is, that music should be made such an important subject, and studied to such an extent that persons who are talented along this line can take it up more fully in their high school course. Many of the students have real musical ability but their finances do not permit of extensive study. A thorough course in music if offered by the school would give them this opportunity and be of great benefit to them. It is time that the taxes might be raised a little, because of additional equipment, and an enlargement of the faculty, but this sum would be so trivial that in a city of the size of Spokane the effects would hardly be noticed.

A good musical education tends to develop the mind, and make a person more cultured. Culture is merely an improving or developing by education and discipline. Harmony is as good a mind developer as any mathematics, language, or

science. It requires as much thought and care as any of these branches of work.

Very few people appreciate the value of music. The modern young man and woman has been taught to appreciate what we call "Rag-Time" and not the music of the best composers, which would tend to train, discipline, and refine their morals and intellectual nature. They cannot listen to real good music without being bored, while a well-cultured person knows and understands the beauty of good music. Taylor says, "The sense of beauty in nature, even among cultured people, is more often met with than other mental endowments." Music teaches the love of nature and of the more beautiful things of life. If a larger musical course were offered in the high schools, the students would be taught to appreciate this good music and at the same time become more cultured.

Music has been too long considered as an accomplishment, when it really is one of the most essential things to develop the moral character of a young man or woman.



The Glee Club

As has been before announced, the third annual musicale will be held the latter part of May. The Glee Club has had troubles of its own on account of this musicale. Their first intention was to sing the cantata, "The Building of the Ship," by Lahee, but Mr. Rice was not satisfied with it and decided to try something harder, and so attempted the "Death of Minnehaha," a beautiful selection, but too high in the tenor part for our boys. But at last a definite plan has been decided upon and they will sing two numbers: "Hail Noble Hall" (from Tannhauser), by Richard Wagner, and "Rigoletto," by G. Verdi.

The soprano section of the club has been strengthened by Margaret Mumm, the alto by Zalia

Gelse, and the bass by Marvin Anderberg.

The Band

The other day a business man remarked, "Those North Central fellows sure can play," and we believe he expressed the sentiments of many business men and other people. The boys have been asked to play at so many places that no loyal North Central student can help feeling proud of the boys in the "Red and Black."

They headed the Municipal parade, the Baseball parade, and the Straw Hat parade. They appeared at the Rotary Club on two different occasions, and at the Chamber of Commerce picnic, and also at the Ad Club luncheon. We may be sure that the boys

will all be present at all the athletic contests of the season and cheer the North Central athletes on to "Victory."

The Orchestra

The orchestra has enlivened many of the entertainments presented by our school and by many other organizations. Among the places where the orchestra has appeared are: Jeffersonian contest, the Masque play, the

Senior play, and the May Day pageant.

Mr. Rice has not decided definitely upon selections to be played by the orchestra for the May musicale, but this will be announced at a later date.

In the line of orchestras we should mention the boys' orchestra formed by the Deltas. They appeared at the second annual High Jinks, and the boys did credit to their director, Arthur Torgerson.



EXCHANGES



"Gee! She's a dandy!" exclaimed Jack Ridgeway as he gazed proudly upon his perfected work. "She'll carry a passenger, too," he added, as Peter Grover came whistling into the yard.

"Aw! Betcha she won't," he drawled.

"She will, too. I've been up in her." Jack thought he had convinced Peter, but Peter was from Missouri.

"Gotta show me!"

"All right, you push her along a little way and that starts the engine," said Jack, getting into the machine.

Peter pushed him five yards and suddenly a whirring noise began and the machine moved by itself. It ran smoothly along for a few feet and, slowly but surely, began to rise—up, up, and up—as gracefully as a bird.

An open mouthed Peter was left staring after the now swiftly rising monoplane as it departed from the earth, and only one word escaped his lips—"Go-o-osh!"

At first, gliding swiftly along in the air, Jack had a delightful feeling as of a bird sweeping the skies. But gradually the feeling came over

him that the machine was going faster and faster and that he had no idea where he was going. He saw green valleys threaded with silver ribbons and dotted with patches of blue among white-capped mountains slide past as if he were standing still and the world was revolving at the rate of a million miles a minute. He was getting frightened, when he felt himself gradually dropping—down, down, and down—and going slowly and more slowly until he suddenly came to a half—right on the roof of a school house. From the flag-pole floated a banner bearing the initials "E. H. S."

Jack wondered "where in thunder he was, anyhow." He got up from his machine and stretched himself, discovering at the same time a sort of door in the roof, through which he immediately lowered himself.

He found himself in a hallway with perhaps fifty boys and girls scurrying here and there like chickens trying to get in out of the rain. He approached one timid looking boy who held under his arm a magazine bearing the title "Kodak."

"Could you let me see that paper?" politely asked Jack.

"Wh-why, where's yours?" asked the boy in surprise.

"I didn't have any. In fact, this is the first time I've ever been here, you see, and I'd like to know something about it. This is the school paper, I believe?"

"Yes, sure, you may have it." Jack gladly took it and glancing over it he found out that he was in the Everett High School, Everett, Washington.

"Gee! I've come a long way in such a short time!" he thought.

On looking at the Exchange Department he found the following:

"If compliments fail to enter from some source in the near future, we're liable to change the headlines of this department—but perhaps the Kodak is beyond mortal words."

"I don't see why so fine a little paper should lack compliments," thought Jack. "Here boy, here's your paper, it's a dainty little paper for a school of this size."

But the boy had disappeared into the throng, and Jack thought he ought to clear out, so he went through the door in the roof and got into his machine, which to his surprise, started instantly and soared up and away, heading, as he guessed, straight south.

This time he didn't go so fast nor so far. The monoplane alighted square on a chimney of the Lincoln High School, Portland, Oregon.

As he got out, Jack slipped and fell down the chimney, much to his discomfort, for, arriving at the bottom, he found himself in the furnace and with no way of getting out. Luckily there was no fire, only a heap of rubbish. In one corner he spied a "Cardinal."

"Well, I'm lucky to find this," he said aloud. "I always did like the 'Cardinal.' But how on earth am I going to get out of this place?"

Like an answer to his question, a buzzing noise came down the chimney, nearer and nearer, until in came his faithful monoplane. "Say! this thing's bewitched!" he ejaculated, but he was glad to get in and let it carry him to the fresh air again. He still had hold of his "Cardinal", and having lost all fear, he proceeded to read it and found it unusually interesting, that it had a fine athletic department, describing the victories and defeats of L. H. S. in the various branches of sport, such as ice hockey, tennis, soccer and wrestling, not to mention baseball and basket ball.

But suddenly Jack felt a jar and saw that he had stopped again. There on the ground was somebody's "Opinion" which had probably not been kept secretly enough.

"Well, I am a lucky kid!" exclaimed Jack, picking up the "Opinion" and seating himself once more. He was off in a jiffy and enjoying immensely the contents of "Opinion" from Peoria, Illinois.

It would take reams of paper to relate all the interesting adventures of Jack, but suffice it to say that he got home safely with a big pile of school papers from everywhere, among which were "Kinnikinick," Cheney Normal; "Nugget," Lead, South Dakota; "Artisan," Minneapolis, Minnesota; "Columbiad," Portland, Oregon; "Tattler," Milwaukee, Wisconsin; "Oriole," Baltimore, Maryland, and "Humboldt Life," St. Paul, Minnesota.





"Thate old pitchin!! Fat".





"OH!! Girrels."

Safe on third.

"What is it?"
Quig. in disgust.





Expeeding the seed limit.

Dead on first. Hiding the human billican. That eternal smile.




"Call off your squirrel!" "Betcha don't know who we are"



Say! you've
got your
nerve to
put **us**
on this
page.





Faust. "Stick around, we're going to feed him." Coach Moyer.

SMILE, AND THE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU.



The Class of June, 1916

As I review the lives of the members of the June, 1916, class, during the past ten years, I find that fate has dealt very kindly with some and very unkindly with others. However, you may judge for yourselves.

Clifton Abrams, Gerald Hover and Kenneth Mower have purchased a number of "Butterkist Popcorn" stands. This business gives them the opportunities for displaying their talents of oratory and dramatics and they look happy and prosperous.

Edward Quigley has opened an art studio in the Peyton Block. As a means of advertising, he is now using photos of Bernice King, Edith Lenander, Myrtle Stiles, Hilda Stecker and Amy Thomson.

Leo Mahoney has taken over the management of the Emporium. He is employing some of the girls of the June, 1916, class: Ruth Mast, Georgia La Follette, May Siemans, Lydia Siemans, Gladys McRae, Agnes Taylor, Stella Shonkwiler.

Among the members of the June class who had presidential aspirations, some of them have arrived at the height of their ambitions: Cath-

erine Taylor, president of the Education Teachers' Union; Estelle Culliton, president of the "Independent Women" Club; Claudius Murray, grand master of the Order of Porters; Wilfred Newman, president of the German-American Association, and Philip McEntee, president of the Advertising Men's Union.

The number of pupils in high school now is decreasing. The reasons are: Catherine Hortsman, German teacher; Beatrice Yorke, Agriculture teacher; Florence Wing, Latin teacher; Pauline Packard, History teacher; Elanor Peyton, English teacher; Pearle Cowles, Gymnasium teacher; Theodore Hibbitt, Gymnasium teacher, and Wendell Wyatt, German teacher.

Through the efforts of Sam Markowitz, Ruth Putnam has secured the position of piano player at the Casino theater. Genelle Wallace and Esther Noerenberg are "ushersesses" there.

A club was recently formed by the stenographers of the city. The members are: Irlene Pence, Esther Thunberg, Lela Palmer, Lila Olsen, Alice Murphy, Zita Totten. The purpose of the club is to com-

pell the employers to furnish mirrors for the desks.

The N. W. C. was entertained by Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Stone at their home Tuesday. They were as listed by Mr. and Mrs. K. Cable.

Several members of the June, 1916 class are employed at the city library. Walter Russel is custodian and watchman of the library. The librarians are: Bertha Ramsen, Mildred McHenry, Jennie Jensen, Helen Quinlivan, Grace Train and Lillian Russel.

Miss Faye Bower and Miss Judith Anderson have been teaching at Vera and they purchased a runabout as a means of travel. They were arrested for exceeding the speed limit and had it not been for the kind hearts of Harold Jones and Joe McCormick, the two young ladies might have been "sent over."

An old maids' club has been formed for the purpose of finding husbands for the members: Mildred Baker, Lila Chingren, Estelle Downer, Margaret Doyle, Ruby Miller, Genevieve Ellis and Tillie North.

Ray Howard Prescott and Fred Lawrence Prescott have been leading men with the Losky Motion Picture Company for three years. Victor Johnson, who is the director of the company, states that the demand for "Prescott Plays" is increasing.

Among the men who appeared upon the lecture platform this year were Demetrius Sturgess, Charles Chandler, Clarence Schon, Hayden Bridwell and Joe Caughlin.

In the fall of 1916 several Spokane Maids went to Europe for the purpose of caring for the soldiers. Pearl Palmer, Valeria Robinson,

Lila Sanford, Elois Weiscopf, Anna Taylor and Vera Totten did not return, but remained in France with their husbands.

The Spokane Baseball Team won the penant this year and it is thought that the credit of the victory is due to the fact that Claude Prather, Guy Beyersdorf, and Ed Partridge played on the team. Some people attribute the success to the manager, A. T. Fleming.

Among the latest society tales is one of the dancing class conducted by Arlene Hand and Archie DeVore. The pupils are Frances Comer, Esther Carpentier, Carl Sampson, Joe Schneider, Eleanor Buchanan, Robert Clark, Vernon Nunn, and Emma Herkelrath:

Marguerite Klein and Calixte Cook played "Romeo and Juliet" at the Auditorium theater on Tuesday. Among the company were Irene Anderson, Gladys Burchet, Catherine Johnson, Helen Mitchel, Maynard Stedman and Ruby Thuness. It was noted that Marguerite still casts the same sidelong glances that she used to cast at the University of Michigan Glee Club.

Dr. Helen Onserud controls the children's home here. Her assistants are Madeline Gilchrist, Roberta Fisher, Dollie Hemenway, Evelyn Pickrell and Ruth Corwin. Chester V. Adams is the watchman of that benevolent place.

J. Parker Sims now owns part interest in a drug store and it is the place of residence during the daylight (?) hours of Lawrence Lentz, Howard Shiel, Willis Campbell, Gerald Sampson and Bolivar Schofield.

Sidney Rogell's fondness for loud

ties has led him into rather queer circumstances. He is now a clerk in the Men's Clothing Shop owned by Lewis Jeklin.

The class of June, 1916, has produced some very literary persons: Ralph Hall Burnett has had several of his poems published in the "Good Housekeeping Magazine." Erma Bean has written short stories for

the American Magazine. Beth McCausland is the editor of the Chronicle. Mary Kelly has charge of the "Children's Page" of the "Youth's Companion."

My review is over. Are the persons reviewed a success, or are they not? At any rate they themselves think they are—so that is all that is necessary.

The Insect Life at North Central

(A few up-to-date bugs classified by Peekay, the eminent bugologist.)

The Fussing Bug

(American, Scientifically known as Nuisancium Awfullus.) Infests all regions close to young girls, especially in the library. This bug is confined to the male sex and may be divided into two species: the self-styled "Athleticus Wonderfullus", distinguished by its superficial display of muscle; and the so-called "Sentimentalculus", distinguished by its quotations from poems such as deep blue eyes, vermillion tresses, etc. Fred Watt, Reg Bullivant, Hod Shiels, and Peter Williams are the more prominent members of this species.

The Dude Bug

(Scientifically known as the Stuckupidus Dudium.) Male, to be found in all the halls and to be recognized by its attraction for the Lady Bug. It will be encountered in the most travelled spot, smoothing down its hair, adjusting its cravat, and contemplating with visible satisfaction the notice it receives. May be further distinguished by its inevitable buttonhole flower, yellow

chamois gloves, and smart hat. Guy Byersdorf is the king pin of this species. A few of his subordinates are Bert Stone, Harry Hughes, and Phil McEntee.

Clinton Sohns (reading in Eng. VIII):

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me
(my) beam,
Me mightier transports move
and thrill."

(We don't doubt it, do we?)

Alice: "How long did it take you to learn how to drive an automobile."

Alberta: "Five or six?"

Alice: "Five or six weeks?"

Alberta: "Mercy no! Five or six cars and I'm still learning."

Carl Anderson (after a debate on co-education): "Well, when you walk by Brunot Hall the girls come out and call to you."

Guy B.: "I'm going to walk by."

Mr. Collins: "Now let us return to our pickle factory—Grace Train, you may——"



~ ATHLETICS. ~

ED QUIGLEY.

Baseball

N. C. 13, L. and C. 2

In the first game of the series for the inter-scholastic baseball championship of the city, North Central scored an easy victory over Lewis and Clark. The fielding of the losers was of the loosest kind, a total of ten miscues being charged against them.

On the other hand, the support given Archie Torkelson, the mound heaver for the winners, was satisfactory, the losers touching his delivery for only five scattered singles.

"Shrimp" Sohns and "Cop" Daniels did the heavy stick work for North Central, each pounding out hits for extra bases.

The batteries were: North Central, Torkelson and Daniels; Lewis and Clark, Ault, Keith and Hatch.

L. and C. 9, N. C. 6

The Lewis and Clark gang of ball tossers by outbatting their opponents, managed to decamp with the second game of the series. After the first inning the game developed into a slugfest, the Lewis and Clark batters gathering a total of thirteen hits as opposed to North Central's eight bingles.

"Shrimp" Sohns of North Central and "Fat" Waggoner of Lewis and Clark did particularly good work with the willow, each lifting the ball for an instant circuit complete. Waggoner got his homer in the first inning and as a result chased two men over the plate

ahead of him. Sohn's homer in the fifth inning was a mighty wallop. The ball soared high over the center gardener's head and cleared the enclosure in deep left center.

As a result of careless bobbles on the part of Lewis and Clark players, North Central placed men on bases with one down in the ninth inning and threatened to nose out the game, but the North Central batters were unable to touch Ault's offering in the pinch.

The batteries were: North Central, Byersdorf, Torkelson and Danile; Lewis and Clark, Ault and Hatch. Umpire, Lavendol.

N. C. 11, L. and C. 3

The North Central players came back with a vengeance and batted out a second victory in this third game of the series. For six innings it was a nip and tuck battle with Lewis and Clark slightly in the lead. But from this stage on the game unfolded into a deluge of hits and errors.

In the sixth set, with one man out, the North Central cohorts by clever hitting and running tied up the score.

In the seventh spasm the fielding of the Lewis and Clark bunch resembled that of the rural type.

As fast as Keith the Lewis and Clark twirler could serve the ball up the North Central sluggers hit it. Most of the connections would, ordinarily, have been easy putouts, but the Lewis and Clark team im-

personaters just booted and tossed the pill around aimlessly. As a result North Central scored six runs.

Keith, hurling for Lewis and Clark, started out like a winner but frayed support was the bane of his intentions. On the other hand, Torkelson, of North Central, grooved the ball consistently and let the opposing sluggers down with two hits of the scratch species.

In the early innings of the play a steady drizzle of rain veiled the field and slowed up the frolic considerably.

The batteries were: Lewis and Clark, Keith and Hatch; North Central, Torkelson and Daniel. Umpire, Lavendol.

N. C. 2, L. and C. 4

The "Elsies evened up the series by taking the fourth game. Neither side scored until the fourth inning, when hits by Sohns of North Central and Ault of Lewis and Clark netted one tally for each. The winners again scored in the fifth, sixth and eighth innings, hits from the bats of Hatch, Meicho, Chindahl and Beneke counting toward the final count.

Ault of Lewis and Clark heaved ball that was above reproach, keeping the slams well scattered and at the same time fanning fourteen of the North Side sluggers.

Hatch and Beneke of Lewis and Clark, and Dunton and Sohns of North Central rapped the ball on the nose for long returns.

Archie Torkelson, the North Side mound artist, passed up a chance to win his own game, when in the

eighth frame his team mates filed the bases, his turn to salute the pill came around. He whiffed the air three times and walked to the bench a beaten man.

The batteries were: Lewis and Clark—Ault and Hatch; North Central—Torkelson and Daniel; Umpire, Lavendol.

N. C. 4, L. and C. 1

Costly errors brought Lewis and Clark to grief in the fifth game of the series. Deliberate boots on the part of the Lewis and Clark shortstop was the cause of runs for North Central and as a result the loss of the game for Lewis and Clark.

A hit to right field in the first inning and "Forry" Durst was on first base. On a sacrifice he advanced to third and a hit from "Shrimp" Sohns' bat chased him across the plate for the first run. Lewis and Clark later tied the score but were unable to advance when North Central forged ahead. The sum total of scores for the respective sides at the end of the game was North Central 4, Lewis and Clark 1.

The batteries were: Lewis and Clark, Ault and Hatch; North Central, Torkelson and Daniel; Umpire, Lavendol.

Explanation

Due to the fact that the Tamarack had gone to press, we were not able to run all the baseball games.



The Team

Clinton Sohns (captain); position, shortstop.

"Clint" covers his position like a veteran. It must be a safe hit to get past him.

Elwin Daniels; position, catcher.

"Cop" plays his position in big league style. He can be depended upon to hit in a pinch.

Archie Torkelson; position, pitcher.

"Venus" never gets himself into a hole and therefore never has to be extracted.

Guy Beyersdorf; position, pitcher.

"Cupid" is unbeatable when in form.

Frank Skadan; position, first base.

"Curly" is playing his last year and his loss will be keenly felt.

Raymond Hawkes; position, second base.

"Splinter" was hitting the ball right on the nose before he was injured.

Edwin Anderson; position, second base.

"Tubby" is fast on his feet and covers the bag in snappy style.

Walter Rockstrum; position, third base.

"Toughy" well deserves his position as lead-off hitter. "Rocky" never passes up a chance to score.

Forrest Durst; position, outfield.

"Forry" certainly knows the meaning of "amo" but this fact does not affect his playing.

Ford Dunton; position, outfield.

"Dinks" is the biggest man on the team and hits the ball only as a "moose" should.

Edwin Partridge; position, outfield.

"Ed" is an ideal gardener and connects the willow and the ball regularly.

Edward Ryan; position, outfield.

"Gringoe" is an admirable team mate, and he certainly delivers an acceptable brand of ball.

Carl Anderson; position, catcher.

"Hilding" is always in the path of the ball when it comes his way, and never fails to announce it.



EXTRACT FROM "JULIUS CAESAR".

"—What tributaries follow him to Rome?"



North Central Champions

Scores 73 to 58 Victory in Track

Pearson Equals World's Record in Century Dash

Before a crowd of the most interested spectators, the crack athletes of the North Central track team with a total of 73 points, again scored a stinging victory over Lewis and Clark, who finished with 58 points.

The meet was thrilling to say the least. Many brilliant finishes at the tape and mighty heaves by the weight men gave good cause for the mighty outbursts of enthusiasm from the respective sections of whom without competition of any sort is incomplete.

Evan Pearson, the North Central speed flash, who by the way has not a peer in his class in the United States, was in the best of form. His time of :9 4-5 in the hundred dash is better than the best college time and will stand as a high school record for some time to come. Evan made a beautiful run in the 220-yard dash, breasting the tape with seconds to spare. The 440-yard dash was a slam for North Central with Pearson again leading the field of entrants. His dash and pluck in the relay was a sight not to be quickly forgotten. He was high point winner of the day, 19¼ marks.

Spence Morse was second with 13¼ points. Spence's sprint in

the fifty was a revelation. He was steady and consistent in all the dashes.

Lawrence Lentz surprised the closest followers by romping home ahead of the field in the 220-yard hurdles.

Calixte Cook deserves recognition for the pluck he showed by running and finishing second with an injured wrist.

"Clint" Sohns sprained his ankle the first leap in the broad jump, but his first attempt was sufficient to win.

In the weights "Curly" Skadan furnished a surprise by hurling the javelin 140 feet 9½ inches. Although questioned officially, the distance was measured by a Lewis and Clark graduate.

The mile run was one of the most thrilling events of the day. The entrants kept well bunched until the last 200 yards and then Scofield forged ahead, but was overtaken at the tape by Boock, who was running strong. Bolivar's stubbornness in this race is to be commended.

Willard Duwe placed third in the 880-yard run.

Hanley, Nelson, Stone and Dunton covered themselves with glory in the respective events in which they were entered.

Individual High Points

Pearson, North Central-----	19¼
Morse, North Central-----	13¼
Miller, Lewis and Clark-----	11
Skadan, North Central-----	7

The summary:

50-yard dash—Morse, North Central, first; Pearson, North Central, second; Glick, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, :05 3-5.

880-yard run—Kienholz, Lewis and Clark, first; Boock, Lewis and Clark, second; Duwe, North Central, third. Time, 2:08 4-5.

X 100-yard dash—Pearson, North Central, first; Morse, North Central, second; Glick, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, :09 4-5. (New record.)

120-yard hurdles—Lenwood, Lewis and Clark, first; Cook, North Central, second; Collard, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, :17 3-5.

Shot put—Miller, Lewis and Clark, first; Watt, North Central, second; Skadan, North Central, third. Distance, 41 feet 3½ inches.

220-yard dash—Pearson, North Central, first; Glick, Lewis and Clark, second; Morse, North Central, third. Time, :23.

Pole vault—Gibson, Lewis and Clark, first; Smith, Lewis and Clark, second; Hanley, North

Central, third. Height, 9 feet 7 inches.

Discus throw—Kuhn, Lewis and Clark, first; Dunton, North Central, second; Skadan, North Central, third. Distance, 108 feet 2½ inches.

440-yard dash—Pearson, North Central, first; Morse, North Central, second; Stone, North Central, third. Time, :53 4-5.

High jump—Miller, Lewis and Clark, first; Nelson, North Central, second; Simpson, Lewis and Clark, third. Height, 5 feet 3 inches.

Mile run—Boock, Lewis and Clark, first; Scofield, North Central, second; Goodspeed, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, 4:53.

Broad jump—Sohns, North Central, first; Collard, Lewis and Clark, second; Hall, Lewis and Clark, third. Distance, 21 feet 3¼ inches.

220-yard hurdles—L. Lentz, North Central, first; Cook, North Central, second; Lilly, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, :29.

Javelin throw—Skadan, North Central, first; Allen, Lewis and Clark, second; Miller, Lewis and Clark, third. Distance, 140 feet 9½ inches.

Mile relay—North Central (Pearson, Stone, P. Lentz, Morse), first; Lewis and Clark (Mendenhall, Denman, Kienholz, Glick), second. Time, 3:44.



Spenc.



"Sam."



Shrimp



Curley.



Nelson.



Bones.



120



"Doc."



AT THE BIG
TRACK MEET

Seniors Win Interclass Track Meet

The representatives of the Senior Class romped home with the annual interclass track meet honors, leading the field with a total of 79 points. The Sophomores were second with 37 points and the Juniors are credited with 17 points and third place. The Freshmen were not the contenders they have been in previous years, making only one point through Morrow's placing third in the pole vault.

Evan Pearson, captain of the Sophomores, as usual, was the bright individual star. He shone in the 50, 100 and 220-yard sprints, finishing in exceptionally good time in each event.

The summary:

50-yard dash—Pearson, sophomore, first; Morse, seniors, second; Stone, seniors, third. Time, 5:3.

Mile run—Dewey, senior, first; Hibbet, senior, second; Clark, sophomore, third. Time, 4:55 2-5.

100-yard dash—Pearson, sophomore, first; Morse, senior, second; Stone, senior, third. Time, 10:1.

Pole vault—Hanley, sophomore, first; Hughes, senior, second; Morrow, freshman, third. Height, 8 feet 3 inches.

120-yard hurdles—Cook, senior, first; Lentz, senior, second. Time, 19:2.

Shot put — Watt, sophomore, first; Torkelson, junior, second; Dunton, senior, third. Distance, 41 feet 5 inches.

220-yard dash—Pearson, sophomore, first; Morse, senior, second; Stone, senior, third. Time, 23:01.

High jump—Nelson, junior, first; Slater, senior, second; Cook, senior, third. Height, 5 feet.

120-yard low hurdles—Lentz, senior, first; Cook, senior, second; Jones, Freshman, third. Time, :29.

Half-mile run—Moriarity, junior, first; Dewey, senior, second; Scofield, senior, third. Time, 2:11.

Broad jump—Sohns, senior, first; P. Lentz, sophomore, second; L. Lentz, senior, third. Distance, 20 feet 3 inches.

Discus—Dunton, senior, first; Watt, sophomore, second; L. Shannon, junior, third. Distance, 102 feet 8 inches.

Javelin—Sohns, senior, first; Torkelson, junior, second; Fellows, sophomore, third. Distance, 119 feet 11 inches.

Half-mile relay — Sophomores, first; sophomores, second.

In an athletic meet that was staged in high schools all over the country under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Federation of Cook County, Illinois, and in which it is figured that 18,618 athletes participated, three North Central boys were among the hundred rated high.

In Class A division Maurice Suffle, a freshman, competed in the running high jump (standing hop-step-and-jump, and three-lap potato race and gathered 96½ points.

In the Class B division, Ralph Cook, freshman, participated in the running high jump, standing hop-step-and-jump, 12-pound shot put and five-lap potato race. He scored 164½ points.

In Class C division Paul Lentz competed in the same number of events as his team mate and annexed 164½ points.



AT THE BIG MEET

North Central Wins Interscholastic Track Meet at Pullman

Pearson's great finish in the relay won the ninth annual Eastern Washington Interscholastic track meet for North Central by a margin of 5 points, over Colville, the nearest competitor.

The events won by the North Central team were as follows:

Pearson first in 50, 100 and 220 yard dashes, making him high individual point winner of the meet. Morse placed second in the 50 and 440-yard dashes. Cook took third place in the 120-yard high hurdles. Cook and Nelson tied for third place in the high jump. Sohns took first honors in the broad jump, and Watt heaved the shot for second honors.

The new interscholastic records made were:

880-yard run—Parker, Colfax, 2:05 1-5. Former record held by Schultz, Davenport, 2:07 4-5.

440-yard dash—Parker, Colfax, 50 3-5 seconds. Former record held by Squires, Pullman, 52 seconds.

220-yard low hurdles—Nordyke, Colfax, 26 2-5 seconds. Former record held by McCroskey, Tekoa, and Shaw, Lewiston, 26 3-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Hoffman, Walla Walla, 10 feet 9 inches. Former record held by Turk Monroe, 10 feet 8 1-2 inches.

The Summary.

50-yard dash—Pearson, North Central, first; Morse, North Central, second; Nordyke, Colfax, third. Time, :05 3-5.

880-yard run—Parker, Colfax, first; Winslow, Wenatchee, second;

Perry, Ellensburg, third. Time, 2:05 1-5. (New record).

Shotput—McKay, Endicott, first. Watt, North Central, second; King, Davenport, third. Distance, 42 feet 1 inch.

100-yard dash—Pearson, North Central, first; Nordyke, Colfax, second; Glick, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, :10 1-5. (Equals record).

120-yard high hurdles—Phillips, Davenport, first; Lenwood, Lewis and Clark, second; Cook, North Central, third. Time, :17.

440-yard dash—Parker, Colfax, first; Morse, North Central, second; Squires, Pullman, third. Time, :50 3-5. (New record).

220-yard low hurdles—Nordyke, Colfax, first; Glick, Lewis and Clark, second; Ivy, Davenport, third. Time, :26 2-5. (New record).

Discus throw—Kuhn, Lewis and Clark, first; King, Davenport, second; McKay, Endicott, third. Distance, 111 feet 1 inch.

220-yard dash—Pearson, North Central, first; Fogarty, Ellensburg, second; Nordyke, Colfax, third. Time, :23 1-5.

Pole vault—Hoffman, Walla Walla, first; Myers, Johnson, second; Smith, Lewis and Clark, third. Height, 10 feet 9 inches. (New record).

Mile run—Studevent, Colfax, first; Parker, Colfax, second; Kreps Pullman, third. Time, 4:52 3-5.

Javelin throw—Miller, Lewis and Clark, first; Armstrong, Colfax, second; Yenney, Walla Walla, third. Distance, 132 feet 10 inches.

High jump—Miller, Lewis and Clark, first; Phillips, Davenport, second; Cook and Nelson, North Central, tied for third. Height, 5 feet 4 3-4 inches.

Broad jump—Sohns, North Central, first; Paycox, Walla Walla, second; Hooper, Walla Walla, third. Distance, 20 feet 10 inches.

Relay—North Central (Morse, Lentz, Stone, Pearson), first; Pullman, second; Okanogan, third. Time, 1:38 1-5.

The Individuals

Spence Morse (captain), 50, 100, 220, 440 dashes and relay.

"Stonewall" sure is some old "war horse." The way he runs the 440 is a revelation.

Evan Pearson, 50, 100, 220, 440 dashes and relay.

He surely deserves the name of "going hound." His time of 10 flat in the century is a record.

Paul Lentz, sprints, broad jump and relay.

Paul is young and inexperienced but he is no slouch at that. Watch him make a name for himself in the future.

Bert Stone, sprints and relay.

Is a consistent, hard-working young fellow and a very congenial team mate.

L. Lentz, hurdles and broad jump.

"Sticker" is not what you would call a "world beater," but he runs the hurdles in creditable style.

"Clint" Sohns, broad jump and javelin.

"Dutch" is a husky fellow but the way he goes into the air on the broad jump isn't slow.

Ford Dunton, discus.

"Dinks" is a new man this year, but the way he sails the old discus is a "sight for sore eyes."

Fred Watt, shot put.

"King" puts every bit of his 200 pounds behind the shot and heaves it around 42½ consistently.

Calixte Cook, hurdles, high jump, and relay.

"Fusser" is a hard worker and has developed marvelously in the last year.

Willard Duwe, mile run.

"Shorty" has a handicap in his build but he has more than overcome it by his consistent effort.

Francis Moriarity, 880 run.

"Moris" is a little young but he has sand and runs a heady race.

Ernest Nelson, high jump.

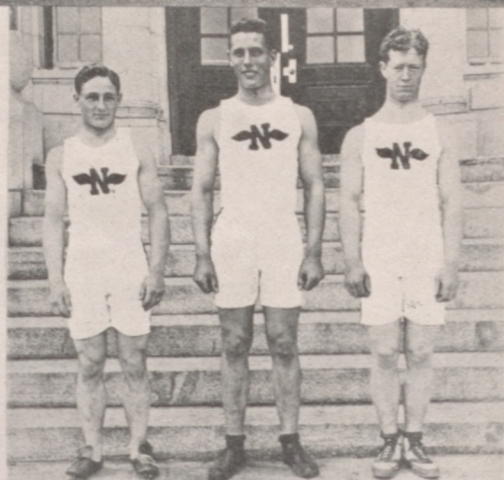
"Ernie" has been out before, but until this year had not found himself.

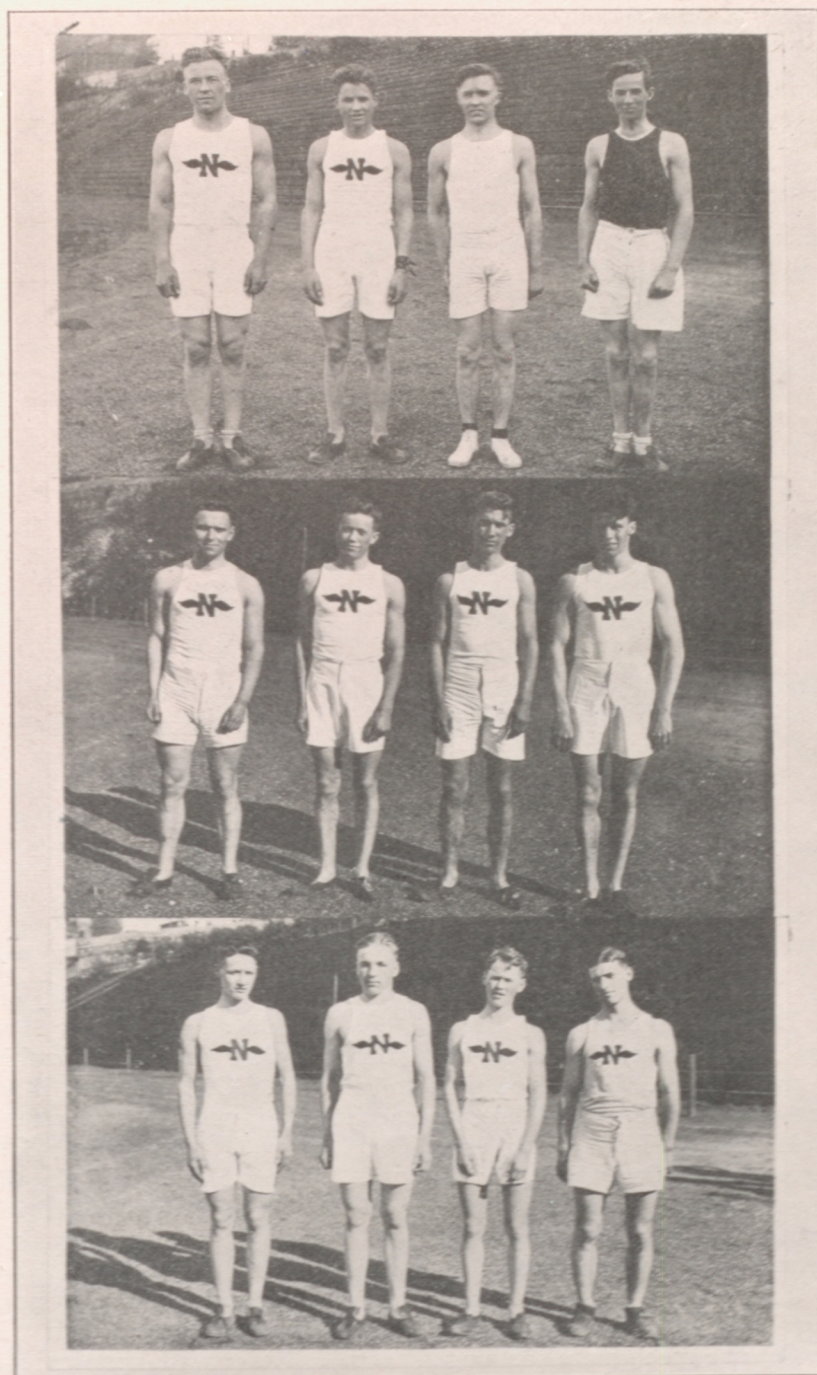
George Swank, mile run.

"Shank" was a little late getting into condition this year on account of an injury but he is going some at present.

Willis Campbell, manager.

"Wiggs" is one of the most efficient track managers we ever had and is well liked by the fellows.







JOKES

Questions and Answers

By Iodo Form

Q. Dear Miss Form: My complexion has become a source of great worry to me. Could you advise me what to do? H. Horn.

A. H. Horn: I am giving you the recipe for a lotion which I have found very good. Equal parts of ammonia and hard oil; two parts of fine gravel and enough potash to make thick smooth paste. Apply morning and night. Sandpaper will be found to be much more soothing to the soft skin than chamois.

Q. My dear Miss Form: I am gaining rapidly and can do nothing to get thin. Oh! help me if you can, for I am getting desperate.

Esther H.

A. Esther H.:—I will do all I can for you as I sympathize with you greatly. Try these few suggestions and I think they will help you: Continue your late hours (make arrangements with La Verne). Never walk upstairs; start running at the bottom and stop for

nothing until you reach the third floor. Increase your speed day by day. Try rolling down instead of walking.

Q. Dear Iodo: My eyes are fading. How can I keep them blue?

B. Jones.

A. Look blue.

Q. Miss Form: How did such fellows as Phil McEntee, LaVerne Peterson, "Kenny" Mower, etc., who say they are so popular, get a start?

A Freshie.

A. All you need is a good opinion of yourself.

Q. Dear Miss Form: Can you tell me why the boys don't like me? I like them and I make myself as conspicuous as possible.

K. Peterson.

A. K. Peterson: Keep on doing just as you see Esther do, and keep smiling.

Q. Dear Miss Form: My complexion is very bad lately. Is candy injurious?

L. Baker.

A. L. Baker: Yes, candy is injurious, some kinds especially so. Kisses are among the worst. Try doing without them and I think your complexion will improve.

Q. My Dear Miss Form: I am inclosing my latest photo and wonder if you could suggest a hideous masquerade that would be becoming.

Cliff. A.

A. C. A.: Look natural, like Pee Kay.

"Evening"

Slowly dies the last red sun-beams,
Slowly comes the hush of night.
Drifting down the fading mountains

Sinks the mists in dusky light.

So from this world of shadows,
Drifts the soul with lingering ray.
To the land of bright tomorrows,
From the mists of yesterday.

David Kirk, January '15.

Walter Russell, June '16.

Freshie (in library) to Senior:
"Where is the 'Lookout'?"

"H'm out there on the fire escape, I guess."

Freshie thought he was being made fun of so he went to the experienced Miss Fargo, "Please, ma'm, can you tell me where they keep the 'Lookout'?"

Miss Fargo (benignantly): "I wonder if he doesn't mean 'Outlook'."

Freshie (trying to get a stand in with Miss Kaye): "What comes next higher up in mathematics after one has finished psychology?"

Miss Bemiss (History II Class):
"Mercedia, tell about the life of Paul."

Mercedia: "Well, for a long time he was Paul and then he was John the Baptist."

Miss Sammons (English II):
"Mary, where do we get this saying, 'When shall we three meet again?'"

Mary K.: "It originated on a post card, didn't it?"

The "Nut Brigade"

In the halls of dear North Central
There roams a joyous bunch—
They roam the halls
Before school calls,
At noon they eat their lunch.

The capering antics which they cut
Are simply scandalous;
And all they do
The whole day thru
Is eat and sleep and fuss.

Ed Partridge is the worst one—
The "Big Chief Nut" is he;
Al Dahlstrom, though,
Can make Ed go—
He's "Little Chief Nut," you see.

Cec Nottage and Bill Newman
Are others of the crowd,
Who both were—yes,
We must confess—
With little sense endowed.

They walk around the school at noon
And eat their cake and pie,
Say, "How are you?"
Or "How are you?"
To everyone they spy.

Paul Michaels and Don Littlemore
By no means we forget,
And we agree,
(Twixt you and me)
That no worse nuts we've met.

But take the whole bunch, all in all,
And they are quite a crowd;
Each day of the year,
We always can hear
Their talking and laughing loud.

The gang is quite notorious—
Admittance has been made
That they're the crowd
Of which all are proud—
The famous "Nut Brigade."

"Big Chief."

Tamarack

The best high school paper and
Advertising medium in the Inland
Empire.

More good stories and poems,
And contains a great number of
Real original live pokes.
Advertising (only of best places)
Can be relied upon. Subscribe for
the
King of papers, The Tamarack.

A man with a wee pair o' kilts,
Was to walk over Scotland on stilts,
But he thought it quite shocking,
To show so much stalking (stock-
ing)

So they covered him over with
quilts.

(Napoleon used to laugh at this,
so you might like it too.)

Heard in Latin II:

Mr. Lienau explaining word
"rus," which means 'country', said,
"In other words 'rus' is the place
where the rubarbs live."

M. Saffle translating in Latin:
"The horseman flew across the
river."

Happiness is a perfume that you
cannot spread on others without
getting a few drops yourself.

Mr. Lienau, explaining the use
of the words "guid est demonstra-
tum" (which was to be proved).

Some one ingeniously said:
"Quite easily done."

Mr. Ecker: "Do you know of any-
thing in this world that is not use-
ful?"

Victor G.: "Bed bugs."

Our Tests

(With apologies to James T. Field's
"The Tempest.")

We were gloomy in the class room;
Not a soul had nerve to speak,
For Miss Bechtel had given notice
There'd be tests that very week!

'Tis a fearful thing in high school
To be shattered by the blast
And to think of all the zeros,
That have fallen thick and fast.

Oh, we shuddered there in silence,
Each one's face was full of woe,
For we had lacked the moral cour-
age
To be swift and not so slow.

Johnny sighed. Oh, had he only,
Learned his lessons every day.
Betty wailed. Dear! she had found
It was cheating that didn't pay.

Every nine weeks brought another;
They were bad enough at first,
But as one by one they vanished
We declared each was the worst.

Father suggested, it was study
That would put us through the
grade,
"And by work, hard work,"
Mother said, "great men were
made."

Then one poor student murmured
In another's anguished ear,
"Will we have tests in heaven,
Just the same as we do here?"

Then we praised that poor student,
And we worked with better cheer,
And we anchored safe our credits,
One June morning, bright and
clear.

Gave Herself Away

Louise M.: "Oh, say, Bert had
on a swell new suit Sunday."

Ruth F.: "What color was it?"

L. M.: "Oh, it was all colors of
the rainbow—but you had to get up
real close to see them."

Heard in Lunch Line

Peggy: "Some cream puffs,
them, eh, Annie?"

Anna: "Yes—say, were they
made in the Christian Science De-
partment?"

Mr. Rice to Ruth Putnam in
harmony class: "Why didn't you
give more answers to that ques-
tion?"

Ruth P.: "Because I thought you
knew them."

(Oh you little Dickens.)

"Any rags, any socks?" chanted
the junk man.

"No, no, go 'way. There's
nothing for you—my wife's away."

"Any old bottles?"

"Hey, wait a minute."

Floyd G.: "Yes, we all like Irene
Long. You love her, too, don't you,
Archie?"

Archie T.: "Well—I tried to
once."

When we have eaten all our lunch
And thrown the scraps away,
We hasten then to join the bunch
That throng the halls each day.

What fun it is to talk aloud,
To jostle here and there,
To push our way among the crowd
And breathe the close, foul air!

Women Haters

Faculty director, Mr. Sanders.
 President, Oscar Carlson.
 Secretary, Dallas Rader.
 Treasurer, Ralph Reimers.
 Reporter, George Matsuda.
 Committee, Jared Wilson.
 Members, Dell Stack, Pete Williams, Phil King and Pete Higgins.
 Meetings—Whenever the boys are not occupied by some of the fairer sex.

Mr. Collins (in Psychology):
 "When my son was a little fellow he had a regular instinct for direction. No matter how far from home we took him he would always point in the right direction and say, 'That's home!'"

Wilfred Newman: "Is that why you called him Homer?"

Wanted—By sale, rent, or lease.
 One perfectly good girl. Leon Wheaton, Room 113, after 2:45.

Frances: "Did you notice that good looking chap behind us at the German play?"

Alberta: "The one with the black suit, the carnation in his buttonhole, the screaming tie, the diamond stickpin, and with his hair parted on the side? No, why?"

Charles B. to Catherine T: "Say, I'm so busy I don't know what to do—I've got four things coming off at once tonight."

A test question on "Treasure Island": "Name five things found in the Captain's chest?"

Mentioning No Names

One bald teacher scratching his head in deep thought.

Freshie: "Say, chase 'em out on the clearing and then catch 'em."

There's a fellow in North Central High.

Who thinks he's some regular Guy, His name—need I tell—is Pete Higgins.

He now wastes his time with Miss Hilda Horn,

For he sure was a fusser born.

There's nothing the matter with him I can see

Except that size of the place
 Where his hat ought to be.

Coleridge.

We would suggest that Alden McMaster teach Cal Cook that mincing step of his which he uses to announce Wrangler contests so that Cal could create a favorable (?) impression on Mr. Hargreaves when asked to explain his famous absences.

Mr. Lineau: "Where is the verb erzählen (tell) found?"

Carl G.: "I found it in the back of the book."

Geo. M. (translating German):
 "You ought to be a tailor—everyone needs dresses."

Spring Has Come

Glenn Johnson (describing the Battle of Cannae, in Roman History): "The Romans lost more men than in any battle before, and Hannibal won the fight by a large score."

Good Advice

Get Syd Rogell a muffler for his loud—waist. Stung again!

First Fresh: "Them there Sap-head A's cain't defeat that there debatin' team o' oun."

Second Ditto: "Why not?"

First Fresh: "'Cause they got two girls and a boy on their team."

Second Fresh: "Who are they?"

First Fresh: "Miss Alden McMaster, Miss Irene Luther and Victor Jensen."

Miss Frank (looking at the hat frames in Sewing VIII): "Oh, have you all got shapes alike?"

Prof. Lienau: "My, we'll have to hurry—we have to go clear through Hell yet." Brr!!

Miss Broomhall: "Someone give a comparison in which 'then' is used."

J. LaB: "Then he went out."

Miss B.: "And you had better follow him."

E. Cook (in Physiography): "The equatorial region is densely populated with trees."

Mr. Rice (in chorus class to janitor): "Sally, I've got icicles on my fingers a foot long."

Willis Campbell: "Well, what are we singing 'Love in Summer' for then?"

Mr. R.: "Why to get warmed up, of course."

Motion before Kodak Club that Kreider be elected president of the club—the club then adjourned.

Gonzaga Pupil: "Is Joe Coughlin still going to High?"

N. C. Pupil: "Yah, I see him every day."

Gonzaga Pupil: "Has he shaved yet?"

Miss Sammons: "Where can you find out how many cows there are in the U. S.?"

Fredrick V.: "In the U. S. Census Bureau."

The Lord giveth and the landlord taketh away.

Vocabulary drill in Spanish I:

Miss Broomhall to Sam Wingard: "'Morir, Sam." (Morir means "to die.")

Same shakes his head.

Miss B.: "Something you've never done yet."

Sam (triumphantly): "Work."

Telling how long it took to make a ring in Jewelry Gladys G. said: "I put five periods in a ring."

Mr. Yockum: "Why didn't you put commas in?"

Miss Borreson (illustrating the verb "to marry" in French class): "Yes, when a man speaks of getting married he uses the verb 'to marry,' preceded by 'se,' but a minister 'marries' the verb alone." No ministers for you eh, Miss Borreson?

Mr. Coleman: "Can anyone tell me who Catiline was?" (A Roman conspirator.)

Amy P.: "Wasn't he the mother of Nero?" (He's a great help to her mother, no?)



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for all the
People

The Palace
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Store for
Young
People

Plenty of LIFE, QUALITY
and STYLE to These

NEW
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Suits at
\$12.50

Particularly for High School boys, we have provided a remarkable group of new suits.

Correct styles—in fact, the latest models on the market—two and three button coats with long graceful lapels, English or square shoulders, semi or fitted backs. Shown in new tweeds and cassimeres; grays, blues and browns in broken plaids, stripes and checks. Sizes 32 to 38. Plenty of each—so you may be assured of getting a perfect fit. Many boys from the old North Central have bought these suits during the past few weeks. They are styles that just appeal to High School boys, and the price is but

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NOBBY SHOES of Quality, in all the **NEW**
STYLES for Young Folks, at

BARGAIN PRICES

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The BOOTERY

PHONE MAIN 2432

S. OFNER & CO.
WOMEN'S READY TO WEAR SHOP

GRANITE BLOCK
413 RIVERSIDE AVE.

SPOKANE

Examples of Mental Imagery

Visual

The evergreens loomed tall and dark against the crimson sky.

The ball sailed high in the air and passed through the goal posts.

The west wind swept the leaves along the ground.

The large pendulum of the town clock swung slowly to and fro.

Auditory

With a savage growl the angry bear rushed forth.

He lost his nerve at the first sound of the wedding march.

With a terrifying scream she sank beneath the waves.

Bye baby bunting, daddy's gone a hunting.

—Continued.

The U-NO LUNCH



We Cater to the Girls



Lunches

Candy

Groceries

Pastry

It PAYS to TRADE at THE I X L

DRESS UP
Your
Common Sense
Tells You to
Make the Most
of Your
Appearance



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BROS. & CO.
Fine
Clothes
Makers
Baltimore
New York

THIS IS A MATERIAL AGE, and you are not going to neglect your looks, which are a natural asset.

SUIT after SUIT in our spring stock will be becoming to you.

Slip on some of our comely **ENGLISH SACKS** from the best makers of **YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES** in the United States. We have them with all the new lapels; pockets at every angle. **SMART PATTERNS IN DEPENDABLE FABRICS.**

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THE HOME OF YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHES

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AS GOOD FOR A DOLLAR?

Values—

Sport Shirts
A DOLLAR

Sport Ties
to Match



Values—

Two Pairs
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HOSE
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EVERY SHIRT IS A DOLLAR
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IF NOT SATISFACTORY, RETURN IT and GET YOUR MONEY BACK

*A Full Line of HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, PAJAMAS, PERRIN'S &
MAYER'S KID GLOVES and KAISER'S SILK GLOVES
B.V.D. POROSKNIT and ATHLETIC SHIRTS*

722 RIVERSIDE AVENUE

OPEN EVENINGS

We could hear the lowing of the
herd and the low humming of the
bees.

The evening train chinked mu-
sically along.

Olfactory

The smell of codfish drove them
from the house.

The odor of decaying garbage

confronted one on entering the
room.

Tactile

The downy wings of the butter-
fly again touching her face, awak-
ened her.

The lawn stretched away in the
distance, a soft green carpet.

His head glistened like a billiard
ball.

—Continued.

Quality is our Motto

Fancy Chocolates, Ice Cream and Candies

MERRILL PLACE of SWEETS




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124 North Howard

You can spend your Summer months to your Profit

by getting a practical knowledge of Bookkeeping or Shorthand and Typewriting, with Penmanship

OUR SHORT COURSE IN BOOKKEEPING will be useful to you in many ways even if you never keep books. You may not need Shorthand, but you should learn to type and to write a good hand.   

If you have completed your High School Course, you would do well to take our work before entering College. If you are not to enter College then our **Complete Course** will fit you for a position. In fact I will guarantee to place you in a position upon graduation from this course.    

H. C. BLAIR, President



THE *Blair Business College*

Top Floor Madison Building
Corner First Avenue and Madison Street

POPULAR PRICES

SPOKANE'S POPULAR PRICE SHOE STORE

DO YOU WANT BETTER SHOE VALUES?

We are in a position to give you all the new novelties that fashion decrees at popular prices. ¶ All the colors for women in Hi-heel and sport shoes, in low heels, tan and black. ¶ English shoes for men, white sole and heel.

Popular Shoes at
Popular Prices

EYLLER SHOE CO.

818 Riverside
Avenue

POPULAR PRICES

MONROE BARBER SHOP

REMEMBER —Fine Hair Cutting for
Men, Boys and Children.

Frank Buchanan, Prop.

Monroe and Indiana



Get the Habit

of dropping into our store whenever you are downtown. We are always glad to see students in our place. Our New Fountain Menu is quite enticing. Use our punch and ice cream for your dances and entertainments.

COME IN AND let us show you our Vacuum Ice Cream Freezers. They are GOOD ONES and no cranking required. We would also like to have you look at our McGraw Tires, and don't forget to give us a call in Sporting Goods.

VINTHER & NELSON

That BLUE SERGE Suit for Graduation

is here in Every
Wanted Model
including the New
PINCH BACK

\$15

That's All



UNITED CLOTHES SHOP

N. E. Corner Main and Wash.

Don't Forget

Bob and Jack's

Dairy Lunches
Candies
Soft Drinks
Nuts

*Corner Washington and
Indiana Avenue*

Motor

He worked strenuously for half an hour, but could not dislodge the stone.

The driver pulled with all his might to check the speed of the frightened horses.

Both boys, straining every mus-

cle, crossed the line at the same moment.

There was racing and chasing o'er Cannobie Lea.

He darted through the crowd and was lost to sight.

The spider crawled slowly across the window pane.

—Continued.

GREENOUGH'S Highest in Our Class

Having the best grades in everything, from the plain and substantial things of every day life to the classic luxuries that grace the table on special occasions

**That's the Verdict of Public Favor on
GREENOUGH-HURLEY CO.**

"The Parisian"

Kuhn Building, FASHION CENTER 709 Riverside Ave.
Over Wentworth's—Take Elevator

The Parisian is headquarters for Ladies and Misses Exclusive Ready-to-Wear Garments and Millinery.

This season we are specializing
High Class Suits at \$25.00

We also show an extensive line of Higher Grade Suits, Gowns, Dresses, Coats, Evening Wraps, Silk Underskirts, Blouses and exclusive Millinery.

All at very reasonable prices.

You are welcome at all times, whether you purchase or not.

We solicit your patronage.

"The Parisian"

Barefoot Boy

I.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks not tan;
With thy blue lips, bluer still,
Kissed by Jack Frost on the hill.
And thy mind has just confessed
Seventy below in a Latin test.
Blessings on thee, little man,
Mother's pet and Father's joy.

II.

With thy sadly whistled tune
I'll be a freshie sometime soon.
Many a joy has gone away
Because you flunked again to-day.
Barefoot boy do not despair,
The vacancy in your mind
To learn the Latin word for "find."

—Continued.

ICE CREAM

LUNCHES

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

Mrs. B. WILCOX

ALL COOKING NOW DONE BY ELECTRICITY

CANDY

SOFT DRINKS

John W. Graham & Co.

If Its Made of Paper We Have It.

707-709-711 Sprague Ave. 708-710-712 First Ave.

BATHING SUITS for

Men and Women

Pacific Coast Athletic Models

Expert Divers' Styles:

Free action. No heavy skirts. Famous "Saxon knit" shapes. It's none too early to select your bathing suit now. You will do so if you are the least particular about fit and color, which can be secured at present:

Women's fine gauge wool yarn suit. Navy with white or black, with Kelly green border-----\$3.00

Women's worsted suit, trimmed with Hercules braid, in appropriate colors; slit skirt, V neck. Green and red with appropriate trimming----\$4.50

Women's fine gauge, tightly knit, high-grade pure worsted suit with border and high belt stripe. Cardinal and green, green and black, delft and white or scarlet and black-----\$5.00

The above numbers by no means include our entire line of bathing suits.

The popular "Ocean Breeze" make of bathing garments is shown here at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and up.

MEN'S BATHING SUITS, "Saxonknit," athletic styles-----\$1.25 to \$4.00

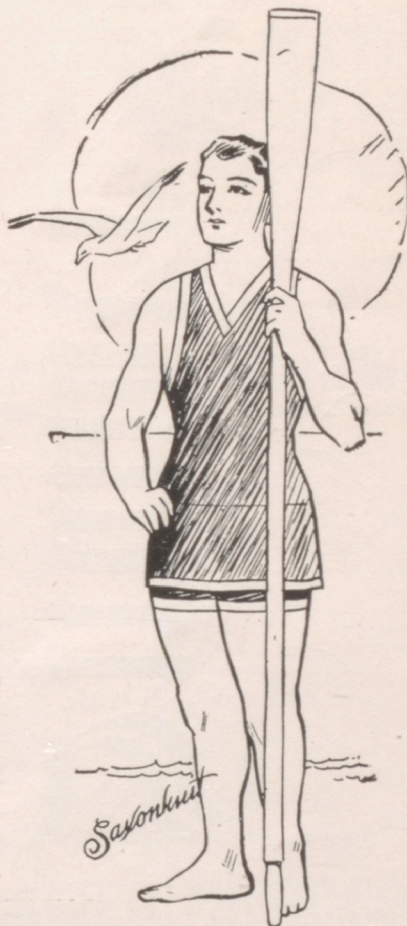
Boys' bathing suits-----50c to \$2.00

Bathing Accessories

Bathing shoes, canvas, 60c and 75c; rubber, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Bath suit bags, gossamer cloth-----50c and 75c

RUBBER BATHING CAPS, all the new novelties, in the best grade of rubber, 50c to \$1.00; diving caps-----25c, 35c and 65c



BATHING SUITS—SECOND FLOOR

Summer School

What are You going to do this Summer?

The Northwestern is going to prepare a large number of young men and women for good positions. Also quite a number in Shorthand and Typewriting, that they may be ready this Fall to go away to College and be able to pay their own way by doing extra work outside of school.

Call or phone us about our SUMMER WORK.

Northwestern Business College

M. M. HIGLEY, President

We Save You Money

Bring Your
Prescriptions
Here



W. E. SAVAGE

1823 Monroe Street

CUT RATE

This is The Life



SO IT IS----When you wear a

Hat Box Hat

A Panama or a Straw
for Summer

HAT BOX HATS

6--North Howard Street--6



FINEST IMPORTED

Hawaiian Ukuleles

WASHBURN
BANJOS, GUITARS,
ETC.



BUESCHER
TRUE TONE BAND
INSTRUMENTS

PACIFIC MUSIC CO.

810 Sprague Avenue

JOIN OUR
Circulating
Fiction
Library

All the LATEST
BOOKS on Pub-
lication Date



Waterman's
Ideal Fountain
Pens

The Useful Grad-
uation Present



Latest
Fiction

By Popular Authors



Attractive and Original
Gift Books



PUTNAM & CULLEN
BOOK SHOP

Davenport Hotel

Main 2549

828 First

SPOKANE, WASH.

For your plays you will want

Costumes, Wigs
and
Theatrical Make-up



HAIR SWITCHES

Hair Dressing,
Manicuring, etc., at

Miller-Dervant

Costumers, Etc.

Tel. Main 642 N. 205 Post St.



Styleplus Suits for Young Men Here

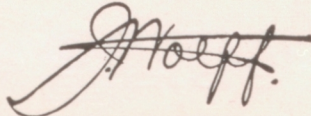
Better than ever, Snappy Models, styles created by the greatest clothing manufacturer in the country, especially for the young men of the Northwest. ¶ Materials always All Wool, tailoring and finishing without reproach. ¶ As good as many suits that sell at \$5.00 to \$8.00 higher price. ¶ Sold only in Spokane at

Culbertson, Grote-Rankin
Company

THE NEW
Optometrical Parlor and Optical Shop
AT 14 WALL STREET

**Will Open a Way to Better Eye Sight
and Stronger Eyes**

SPECIALIST IN
EYE TRAINING METHODS
AND EYE CULTURE



FORMERLY ASSOCIATED
WITH THE
KING OPTICAL CO.

—Continued.

III.

Blessings on thee, little child,
You will never go so wild
Over college football games.
You will always take the dames
To the moving picture shows,
There you'll spend your dough,
Hearing music, eating candy,
Looking, eating, Jack a Dandy.

IV.

Blessings on thee, little man,
You will always find some joy,
In knowing that you're not alone,
Buying candy for the Jones.
He, who has no sister
Fares no better than a blister;
Maybe she has got another
Who, like you, treats her brother.

—By Florence Esther Lair.

Helen—"Say, when is Irene Oliver going to B. C.?"

Else—"Oh, that's left for Clinton to decide."

R. R.: "Are checks currency?"

J. S.: "No, a check isn't money—it's a piece of paper with money written on it."

Have you a little "Fairy" in your home?

(If you haven't Profs. Ramsey, Sawtelle, and Moyer can tell you all about it.)

Mr. Kay: "As I call your name please give me the name of your session teacher—Daisy Weldy?"

D. W.: "217."

Mr. K.: "What is this—a penitentiary?"

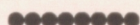
Hanche's Shoe Shine

611 Riverside Avenue
Entrance Hyde Block

**The Best One
in the City.**

**For Ladies and
Gentlemen.**

**Our Prices Are
Not Higher
but our
Selection
of Clothes
Bigger and Better
than ever**



*Models for Every
Young Fellow*



\$20
and
\$25



R. J. HURD & CO.
Riverside at Stevens St.

KODAK SUPPLIES

**DEVELOPING
PRINTING
AND
ENLARGING**

Lowest Prices.

Best Work.

All Work Guaranteed.



Agents for the Superb

**ANSCO CAMERAS
CYCO PAPER
ETC.**



Complete line of

**THERMOS BOTTLES
LUNCH KITS
AUTO SETS
ETC.**



**Joyner's Original
Cut-Rate
Drug Co.**

EUREKA!

What?

That Something

35c

At LUTHER'S

615 Sprague Avenue



COMPARE THE WORK

of the Masterpiece Royal and you will readily see its superiority over all others. You want the best. Then you owe it to yourself to investigate the merits of this typewriter.

The largest business college in the United States has practically all Royals for its typewriting equipment. All we ask is your investigation.

We are also dealers for the new Corona typewriter, the typewriter for "personal use." Weight in case, complete, 8¾ lbs.

Used typewriters of all makes sold and rented at lowest possible rates.

WESTERN TYPEWRITER CO.

Empire State Bldg.

Main 1310



**YOUNG
MEN'S
CLOTHES
THAT ARE
YOUTHFUL
\$18. TO \$25.**

**HATS AND
HABERDASHERY**

HAYES & WOLLEY CO.
QUALITY CORNER
SPRAGUE^A & STEVENS

WHITE SHOES for the Girls of the Graduating Class

SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES

Sport Shoes and Oxfords, in White, Duck,
white with patent or tan
trim for the girls . . .

\$3 to \$4

Tennis Shoes, in all Grades.

Young Men's Rubber Sole
English Shoes . . .

\$4.00

ANDERSON SHOE CO.

CUT-RATE REPAIR SHOP

823-825 Riverside Avenue

Tommy went into the cupboard,

Tommy climbed upon a chair,

Tommy saw the jams and jellies,

Cakes and pies and puddings
there.

Tommy's mouth got wet and wet-
ter,

And his eyes to saucers grew,

As he looked with eager longing,

At the goodies there in view.

—Continued.

Meet Me at

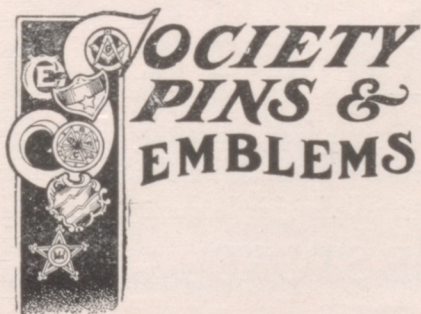
GUS HANCHES CO.

407 Main (Opposite Kemp & Herbert)

For the Candies You Like.

Ice Cream and All the Concoctions of the Fountain

"The Friend of the Fellows"



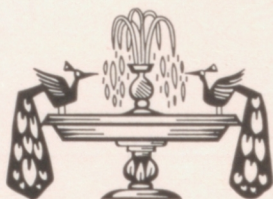
E. C. Yocum Co.

Jewelers

No. 3 N. Post Street

Mission Sheets

715 Sprague Avenue



Candies Ice Cream
Lunches

Always the Best, but this summer Better than ever

"Just one more look, then I'll scam-
per,

Mother'll never, never know.

First I'll see what she is doing,—

Now I'll close the door just so.

"Now I guess that since the door's
closed

I'll take just one taste of jam.

Oh, that tastes so good! Now I
wonder

If mother knows where I am."

—Continued.

REGALS FOR SPRING

Keep pace with style and keep peace with your feet in smart-looking, snug-fitting, comfortable Regal shoes. Our new Spring models are as plentiful as they are smart. Each is built on the Regal standards of style, quality and value.

REGAL SHOE STORE

505 Riverside Avenue

KEMP & HEBERT

*Just
Everything
You Wear
and
for Less*

***T
H
R
I
F
T***



KODAKERS SUPPLIES

A LIST OF ARTICLES THAT YOU NEED TO COMPLETE YOUR KODAK EQUIPMENT

How to Make Good Pictures, E.K.Co.	\$.25
(Book covers entire field of photo work)	
Portrait Attachments (Give size of Kodak)	.50
(Make large head and shoulder portraits)	
Trimming Boards	
Size 5x5 inches 40c. 7x7 inches 60c.	
Velox Water Color Stamps	.25
(Book of 12 color sheets)	
Complete Water Color Outfit	.75
(Book of 12 color sheets, 3 brushes and palette)	
Wellcome Exposure Record and Diary	.50
(Calculates proper exposure every time)	
Metal Folding Tripods	
3 sec., hght. 39 inches	2.00
4 sec., hght. 48 inches	2.75
4 sec., hght. 48 ins., revolving head	3.00
5 sec., hght. 50 ins., revolving head	3.75
Universal Clamp (pocket tripod)	.75
(Can be attached to chair, fence or auto)	
Tray Thermometer (metal case)	.25
Thermometer Stirring Rod	.60
Film Drying Clips	
3 1/2 in. wide, per pair 25c.	
5 in., per pair, 30c.	
Metal Candle Lamps	.30
Folding Candle Lamps	.25
Printing Masks, per set	.25
(For white borders, give size of film)	
Eastman M. Q. Tubes, 6 for	.25
Eastman Spec. Developer Tubes, 5 for	.25
(Universal developer for films or paper)	
Rhytol Universal Developer, per pkg.	.45
Eastman Intensifier, per tube	.20
Victor Intensifier, per tube	.20
Developing Trays	
Enameled—4x6, 30c; 5x7, 50c; 7x9. 75c.	
Printing Frames	
3 1/4 x 4 1/4 or Post Card size 25c. 5x7, 35c.	
Sky Screen	75c to \$1.00
(To avoid bald headed skys)	

THE KODAK SHOP FINISHING

"The kind you will eventually insist upon." Films individually tank developed. Prints on Velox. BEST EQUIPPED FINISHING DEPARTMENT ON THE COAST. Price lists sent upon request.

It MEANS MUCH

To the Amateur Photographer to have his orders filled promptly with the BEST in both Material and Service.



Twenty-Six Years
of Continuous
Successful
Business

Means Experience and
and a Reputation that
we must maintain by
giving you SERVICE

— and —
SATISFACTION.

The KODAK SHOP
of Shaw & Borden Company

Thus began poor Tommy's feast-
ing

On the dainties of his choice.
Thus forgotten was the danger,
And his heart filled with rejoice.

Did you ever find a rascal
Who'd played havoc with your
shelf,

And to show how much he loved
you,—

On your cooking helped himself?

Beard and whiskers made of cake
crumbs,

Sticky fingers, cheek and chin,
Hair that's glued and stuck togeth-
er,

Ears all covered, out and in.

—Continued.



Hawkeye Fuel Co.

ICE



Main and Lincoln Main 3976
Ice House, Main 2039

The one loaf of bread which makes People
"bread hungry," revives jaded appetites
and pleases all palates is



Every bite invites another--and every bite is
exactly right.

A "baker's bread" loaf so good it wins the
"home baking" housewife.

SPOKANE BAKERY CO.

Wholesale Manufacturers

ASK THE FOLKS AT HOME TO USE
WESTERN MAID LAUNDRY SOAP

The Biggest and Best for a Nickle

"THEY'LL LIKE IT, THAT'S CERTAIN"

MADE ONLY BY

WESTERN SOAP COMPANY

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

EARLY DAWN DAIRY CO.

Phone Maxwell 2758 W. 502 Indiana Ave.

We sell the milk with the deep cream line. The city gives us
an average of 4.4 in butter fats for Jan. and Feb.

We still sell 11 quarts Pure Pasteurized Milk for \$1.00.

Try our home churned butter milk.

Established 1889

Phone Main 3185

RICHARD SCHACHT

JEWELER

Granite Block

403 RIVERSIDE AVE.

Spokane, Wash.

Adam Arend, President

Established 1888

Edward Jeklin, Secretary

Poultry, Game
Meats and Fish

**A. & K.
Market**

Fancy Groceries
and Vegetables

Olympia and
Eastern Oysters

Inc.

Pork Products
Our Specialty

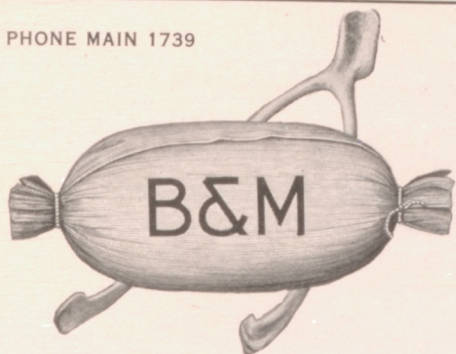
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

P. O. Box 1721
Phone Main 4725

Cor. First & Monroe
Spokane, Washington

PHONE MAIN 1739

520 FIRST AVENUE



TAMALE GROTTO

CHICKEN TAMALES

SPOKANE, WASH.

This was Tommy's sad appearance
When by his Mother he was
found,—

And soon the air was filled with
music
Of a customary sound.

Just about ten minutes later,
Tommy in his little bed,

Said between his sobs and moanings
That he wished that he were dead.

Soon a gentle sleep o'ercame him,
And he dreamed of cupboards
fine,

Where no Mothers ever bother,
But where kings and princes dine.
—Margarette Woodland.

Patronize Those

That Patronize You!

SELIGMAN BROS. *Up-to-Date Footwear*
411 Riverside Ave. **Granite Block**



BROOKS

Corner of Monroe and Maxwell

Hot and Cold Drinks
Bulk and Brick Ice Cream
Bob's Chili Con Carne



Always Ready for you

Phone Maxwell 1834

GABLE & STURGEON TAILORS

OF THE BETTER SORT

COME UP AND LET US GET ACQUAINTED

816 RIVERSIDE UP STAIRS
ACROSS FROM THE CASINO PHONE MAIN 1753

AUTOS FOR HIRE

GEO. A. TAYLOR, OWNER

SIGHT SEEING TRIPS SAME PRICE AS SIGHT SEEING BUS
LAKE TRIPS

STAND PHONE
MAIN 3610

RES. PHONE
MAX. 2310

STAND AT PORTUGUESE CIGAR CO. CORNER SPRAGUE & POST

Honest, Open and Fair Dealing is our motto.

Quality test. Honest prices. No juggling.
You get what you pay for.

Folger's Coffee.

99 Coffee 25c. Our Special Bulk Coffee 30c and 35c.

A full line of teas, spices and extracts.

Call Max. 105.

YAKEY GROCERY N. 1725 Monroe St.



If you are not a patron, and have not become acquainted
with the party at the other end of the line on MAIN
5062, you ARE LOSING MONEY.

CALL MAIN 5062

and give that firm an order.

A FULL LINE of the popular white soled sport shoes has just been received. Built on ENGLISH lines, in leather and canvas with both leather and rubber soles. **THESE ARE THE MOST POPULAR YOUNG MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SHOES IN VOGUE AT THE PRESENT TIME. POPULAR PRICES.** Also a full line of tennis goods and pumps. New sizes in the Ground Gripper Gym Shoes.

The Rogers Shoe Company 408 Riverside Ave.

Come in and look over our

—NEW—

Golf and Tennis Line

Spokane Hardware Co.

516 Riverside

Noah's Mistake

Some men tear and pull their hair

Till every lock is out,

While those who dare begin to
swear,

And this is what they shout:

"Of senses bereft we swat right and
left

Until we are all but dead,
At the elusive fly who refuses to die

But flies and lights on our head.

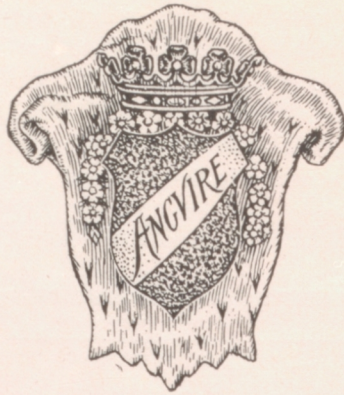
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***YOUR FRIENDS Can Buy Anything You
Can Give Them—Except—***

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

CHAS. A. LIBBY, Photographer

515 GRANITE BLK.



Anguire

*"Spokane's Leading
Photographic Studio"*

EQUIPPED FOR THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF PORTRAITURE
WE INVITE INSPECTION OF SAMPLES AND COMPARISON OF PRICES

YOUR SALARY TOMORROW

Let's get acquainted! The Standard Business College, formerly known as Allen's Business College, has a message for the people of the North Side of the city.

With the opening of the Summer Session, June 5th, a special rate will prevail. Regular hours will be shortened so that all who are desirous of attending may do so and still not give up other summer work or pleasures.

Under the present management this college has achieved remarkable success and has accomplished exceptional results in the way of preparing young men and women to hold business positions.

Before you forget, call us up, or better, stop at the college and we will tell you all about it.

Maxwell 1701
Lester S. Harrison, President

1905 N. Washington
Louis B. Davy, Secretary



The Stein-Bloch Co. 1918

WHEN YOU CAN

get a \$20 Kuppenheimer Suit
for \$14.75 and a \$35.00 one
for \$24.00, with everything
else in proportion,

WHY NOT DO IT?

"Selling out the Peerless Cloth-
ing Co." gives you the chance.

FOGELQUIST'S

Riverside at Washington

Up on the mantel, below on the
panel

The little things crawl and creep
All over the chair and everywhere
The sight of them make us weep.
If Noah could see our grave misery
He then might realize,
If he had killed the two that in the
ark grew

We now would have no flies."
—P. K.

Flunk and the class flunks with you,
Shark and you shark alone.

Max Mather (in shop): "The
thing I like best on this lathe is the
—rest." Tool rest?

LET US REBOTTOM YOUR LAST SUMMER'S SHOES with
NEOLIN RUBBER soles and heels, and make an up to date shoe
out of them at little cost.

Neolin is lighter than rubber, wears better than leather and will
not draw the feet.

Free call and delivery in two mile limit.

EASTERN SHOE REPAIR FACTORY

10 So. Howard

Phone Main 644

DEPARTMENT STORE

A fine line of Curtain Scrim from 8 1-3c up to 45c.

Lace Curtains 69c a pair up to \$4.75.

Window Shades 30c, 35c and 55c each.

Linen Crash—buy now at the old price, 10c to 25c a yard.

Our new Spring Wash Goods all in and a beautiful line to choose from. Dress Gingham, 8 2-3c, 10c and 12 1/2c yard.

A fine line of serges in all colors at the old price.

Shoe Department



All kinds, and the prices that always please. We are agents for Dr. Reed's Cushion Sole Shoes.

Men's Clothing

Griffon Brand Suits, \$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00.

MOWER & FLYNNE

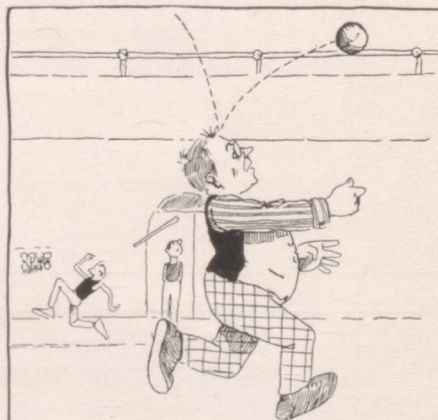
932-938 Riverside Avenue



*Known as the Best
The Best Known*

A Special Line of Sport Shirts

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Clothes Shop
121 N Howard



PROF. ECKED ENGAGED IN THE FASCINATING PASTIME OF PLAYING FIELD FOR THE FACULTY — NOTE NOVEL METHOD OF CATCHING A FLY.

Fancy Hat Bands on Straws and Panamas
Will be the Correct Thing This Season

The **Puggarree** being used on the Panamas and Soft
Straws and the **Gros Grains** on the Sailors.

Plain Colors, Palm Beach, Stripes, Polka Dots and the
many Black and White Combinations
are the best.



Base Ball Uniforms and Gym Suits

Pennants and Pillow Tops

Made to Order

L. M. VARNEY

208 So. Howard St.

Tel. Riv. 1710

The Best Ice Cream

IS FURNISHED BY

THE HAZELWOOD DAIRY

THE HOME OF

PURE MILK, CREAM, and ICE CREAM

PHONE RIVERSIDE 51 BROWNE AND PACIFIC



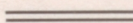
C. F. SODERBERG
PHOTOGRAPHER

621 JAMIESON BUILDING
PHONE MAIN 1395 SPOKANE



SHARROCK'S

The Best "Hamburgers" in Town



WEINERS, HAMBURGERS, PIE AND CAKE

N. 8 MONROE

"What do you want for Commencement?"

Commemorate the occasion
by a GIFT that is
Everlasting

You well know the Reliability of
Sartori & Wolff
Makers of Fine Jewelry

See them for
FINE DIAMONDS
Dependable
WATCHES and JEWELRY

10 Wall Street



*Learn from our
Custom-Made Suits
What Modern Tailoring
Does for a man*

You cannot gain this knowledge from reading our advertisements, even though every word is honest clear through. Nor can you judge our attractive fabrics by looking through our glasses. But if you will honor us by looking at some of our more than three thousand patterns, you will consider your time well spent. And you'll be in pocket thereby.

GREIF & HILL

Tailors With a Conscience
Suite 205 Granite Block



Brown's Mens Shop

Davenport Hotel Bld'g



This is the **Spalding Autograph Tennis Ball** that was adopted for exclusive use in the National Clay Court Championships, held at Lakewood Tennis Club, Cleveland, O., June 24, 1916.

Our local courts are over ninety-five per cent hard surface. Do you get the point?

USE THESE BALLS for your play on hard courts and GET RESULTS.

WARE BROS. CO.

125 Howard St.

Flowers and Decorations

FOR GRADUATION



Spokane Florist Company

KIPP'S FLOWER STORE

PHONE MAIN 5

513 RIVERSIDE AVE.

HOME MADE CANDIES

HOME MADE ICE CREAM

BORG'S SWEET SHOP

Finest CANDIES in Spokane

Made Fresh Every Day

Home of the Banana Split

HOT LUNCH 11:30 to 2

SANDWICHES at All Hours

Prof. Rice (in Music Class):
"We have four things in life—Love,
Hate, Life, and Death. I've tried
'em all (??) but there is one in that
group that exceeds all others in N.
C. as far as I can see."

Guess he means Hate.

Miss Bigelow: "What is the
meaning of embezzle?"

Walter D.: "To steal unlaw-
fully."

Monitor in Library: "Chester,
you *must* stop your talking."

Chester P.: "Can't I even
breathe?"

Disgusted Monitor: "Yes, breathe
your last."

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TIME FOR GRADUATION.

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Mr. Ramsey (in Hist. VII):
"Where did the Swedes settle in the
16th century?"

L. W.: "In Minnesota."

In sewing class: "Say what are
you trying to do—murder that ma-
chine?"

Second student: "Why don't you
be technical and say 'kill the en-
gine'?"

Sometimes even the faculty get
their dates mixed.

Miss Wilson (in Sewing): "You
girls started your sewing tomorrow,
didn't you?"

E. D.: "The thermometer is 80
today."

V. E.: "My it looks young for
that age."



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Say, What Would Happen If—

Lottie Eide should walk down the hall alone.

Estelle Hamilton was not with Orlena Hammond (or ?).

Gladys Hackett reduced in weight.

Peggy Ross wasn't always after dues.

Reg. Bullivant and Clara Bowman were separated.

We had more convocations.

George Paul could sing.

Ruth Finnicum didn't giggle.

Mr. Bonser didn't say "along that line."

Ed LeClaire got his agriculture lesson.

Evan Pearson let his studies interfere with his education.

Robin Cartwright admitted he was wrong in a dispute with his teacher.

Said boy *didn't* dispute with his teachers.

Everybody put such nonsense as this in the Tamarack?

Smart Freshie (studying old testament stories): "I didn't know they played cards in the time of Moses."

"Why, Willie "

"Well, it says here the children of Isreal went out with a high hand and the Egyptians pursued with their king."

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N. C. H. S. Orchestra Beware

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Mr. Lienau (explaining the use of the world "hippodrome"): "Why it is all nonsense to call that theater down town the Hippodrome. Why, that is a place where there is horse racing. I would sooner call this class a hippodrome."

Mr. Kennedy (taking names of the session teachers): "Reg Smith, who is your teacher?"

Reg: "I don't know."

Frances Pence: "Miss Evans is his teacher."

Mr. K.: "Reg, I'll take you down and introduce you."

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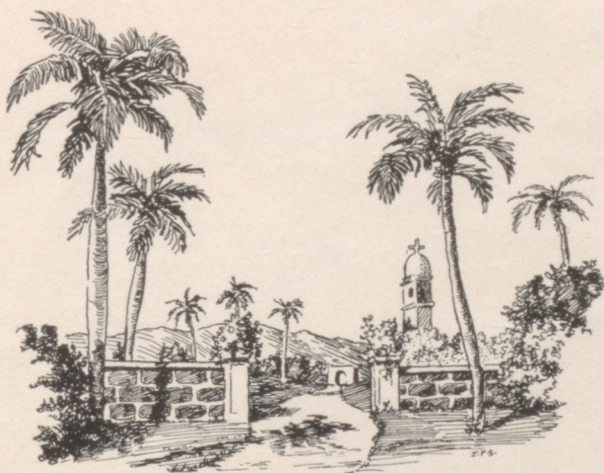
Miss Bigelow's and Miss Broom-
hall's pet phrase: "Go to room 114
at 2:45."

Loris H. (in Kodak Club meet-
ing): "Dr. Benefiel said he would
have the laboratory darked for good
demonstration? ? ?" Let's all join,
boys!

Mr. Rice (in music class):
"What do you mean by 'Discant'?"
Student: "Er-er I dis can't think
of it."

Erma B.: "Who do you think
will get the leads in the Senior
play?"

Genelle W.: "I don't know. I
think there are a lot more girls than
boys though who would make good
leading ladies, don't you?"



Mr. Rhodes (to Freshie cutting
rafter): "Did you use the mitre
box?"

Freshie (pointing to the mitre
box): "No, I used that."

"What did the women wear in an-
cient times?"

Freshie: "The women wore belt-
shaped skirts with low necks and
short sleeves."



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